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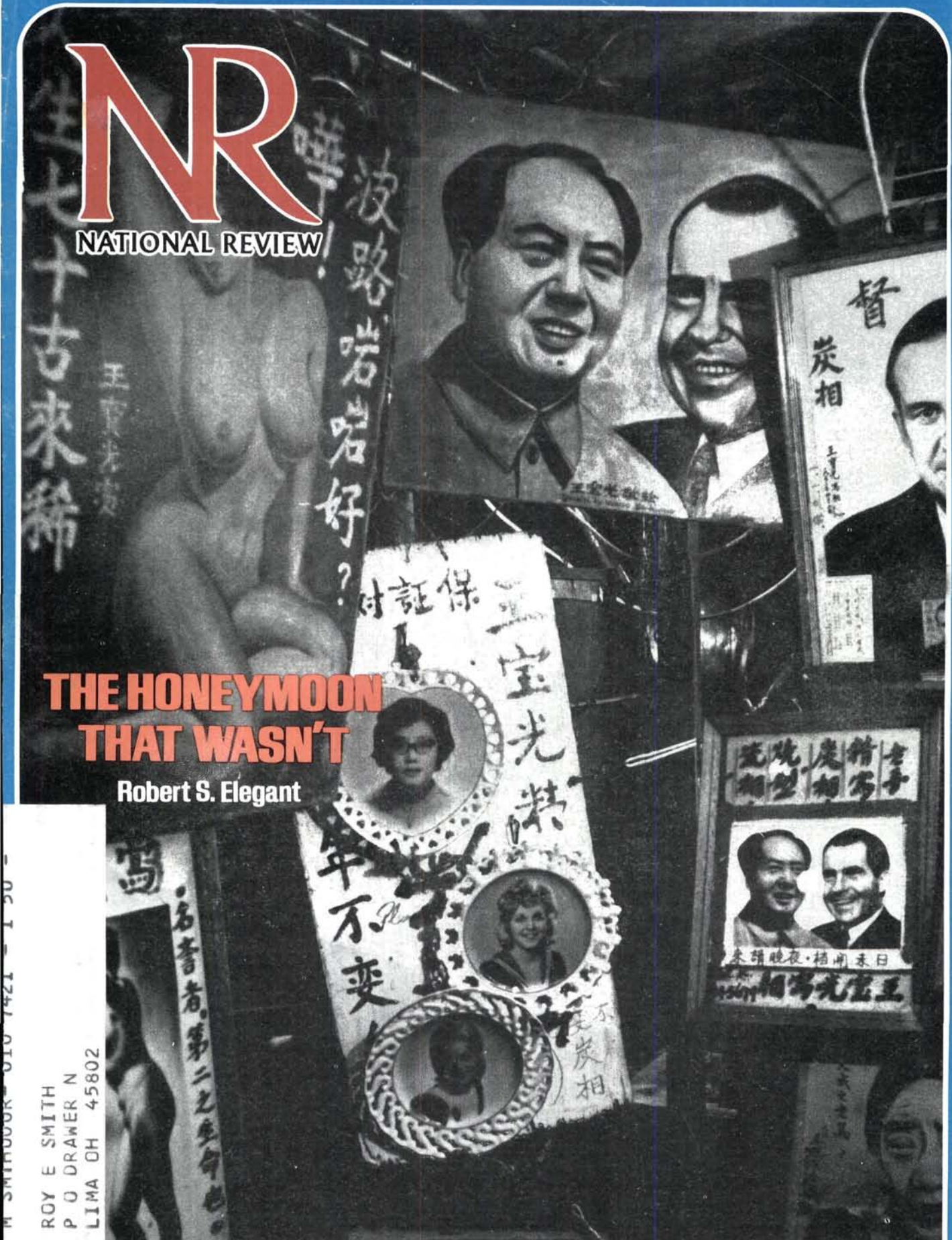
OCTOBER 11, 1974

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW



THE HONEYMOON THAT WASN'T

Robert S. Elegant

ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

Also In This Issue: RICHARD J. WHALEN ◆ D. KEITH MANO ◆ MALACHI B. MARTIN
GEORGE F. WILL ◆ ALAN REYNOLDS ◆ JAMES BURNHAM ◆ WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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8¢ to mail a penny postcard. How much for federal gasoline?

A postcard cost a penny back in 1951 and usually was delivered the next day. Today, it costs eight times as much and delivery time has provoked public consternation and several official investigations.

Back in 1951, a gallon of regular gasoline cost an average of 27.2 cents. Today, it costs a little more than twice as much.

There's a message there, we think, for Congressmen considering, among other things, the creation of a Federal Oil and Gas Corporation (FOGCO).

Namely, that a government company is no cure-all for consumer woes. And certainly not for America's energy shortages.

Nothing would do more to discourage private initiative than FOGCO. It would get first pick of the exploration areas under federal control, notably in Alaska and off the U.S. coasts. It would pay none of the usual bonuses to government for its acreage. It would pay no rentals or royalties. No taxes.

As if FOGCO weren't enough, some 3,500 other proposals now before Congress would so bend the oil business under the weight of regulation that it would be hard pressed to do its job.

One would spell out who has access to what pipelines. Another would insist that only certain companies be allowed to bid jointly for federal oil and gas leases. A third would define who could participate in specific industry activities, such as refining or marketing.

This kind of pervasive, heavy-handed regulation would strike hard at American consumers. They would have to pay for government-imposed inefficiency and fragmentation, in the form of higher prices for petroleum products.

Of course, FOGCO would still be around, bringing consumers the petroleum version of the Postal Service. Which is why we hope Americans remember the penny postcard—and what happened to it.

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*

Letters

Unregulated Time

Earlier this year *Time* magazine criticized Ronald Coase for suggesting "that federal regulation of the press would be appropriate . . ." Now that NATIONAL REVIEW has made available unexpurgated Coase ["The Market for Ideas," Sept. 27], *Time*'s nonsense is exposed. What Coase really says is only that paternalistic government regulation in the market for ideas is no less defensible than regulation in the market for goods. If *laissez-faire* is appropriate in the former case, it is equally appropriate in the latter—and for much the same reason.

Cambridge, Mass. ABE JACOBSEN

The Hand That Feeds Him

Mr. Varnado stated ["Some Thoughts on Professor Schockley," Aug. 30]: "Let Science go its way, and I will go mine." My question to him is, "How do you propose to go there?". I suggest the next time he says that he would like science to leave him alone, he should be standing naked on a beach while trying to invent a piece of string so that he might lasso a fish.

Lincoln, Neb. BRIAN W. HANNUM

Hellas

Re Mr. Burnham's article "Dictators and Democrats" [August 16]. Anyone (like the Greek Colonels) who would keep Melina Mercouri out of their country could not have been all bad.

Boston, Mass. EUGENE H. CLAPP

James Burnham's article on Cyprus ["You Win Some and You Win Some," Sept. 13] is an excellent analysis of the crisis marred by an emotional and erroneous conclusion. The demonstrations that have swept the United States and Europe by Greeks and their sympathizers do not at all represent anti-Americanism fomented by leftists. These demonstrations represent anguish and disbelief at the attitude adopted by the United States Government, or more specifically, Henry Kissinger.

Greeks feel a sense of betrayal by the United States over the Cyprus crisis. Since Greek independence from the Ottoman Empire, Greece has been a steadfast and trustworthy ally of the United States. Now that Greece finds herself in a difficult position, the friendship of the United States has proven to be of little use.

The actions (or lack of actions) of the United States toward the Cyprus crisis have run counter to the philosophy that American foreign policy should serve American interests first. We have lost a reliable ally, NATO has been destroyed, and the credibility of the Sixth Fleet is at stake because of the threatened loss of support facilities in Greece.

Albany, N.Y. SAMMY J. THOMAS

Hibernia

Well done! for having published Jim Fitzpatrick's article, "A Way Out of Ireland's Dilemma?" [August 30]. It is like a breath of fresh air to see NATIONAL REVIEW publish an article with this content.

My own doctoral research in Ireland and subsequently in this country corroborates Mr. Fitzpatrick's and Frank McManus' thesis that the only hope for peace in Ireland lies in the devolution of power according to the principle of subsidiarity, but only if done in an Irish context—without foreign hindrance.

Irvington, N.Y. LIAM MURPHY

James Fitzpatrick's article is so seriously guilty of verbal obfuscation that it deserves this year's Eleanor Roosevelt Prize for Public Oratory. To state that the Provisional IRA "is getting a raw deal, especially from many Americans of Irish descent" is, well, dumb. Anyone with the slightest acquaintance with the IRA and its various fronts in America knows that if American aid had dried up some years ago the Provos would have been reduced to an abstraction. As for Mr. Fitzpatrick's attempt to shirk off questions about IRA tactics with a backhanded reference to the liberal *Washington Post* and *New York Times*, let me assure him that the one thousand plus deaths in the Six Counties are quite real, no matter who prints the obituaries. Surely the point to be made is not that the bastions of liberalism have arbitrarily singled out the Provos as the only revolutionary anticolonial group guilty of

(Continues on page 1140)

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Washington Bureau and Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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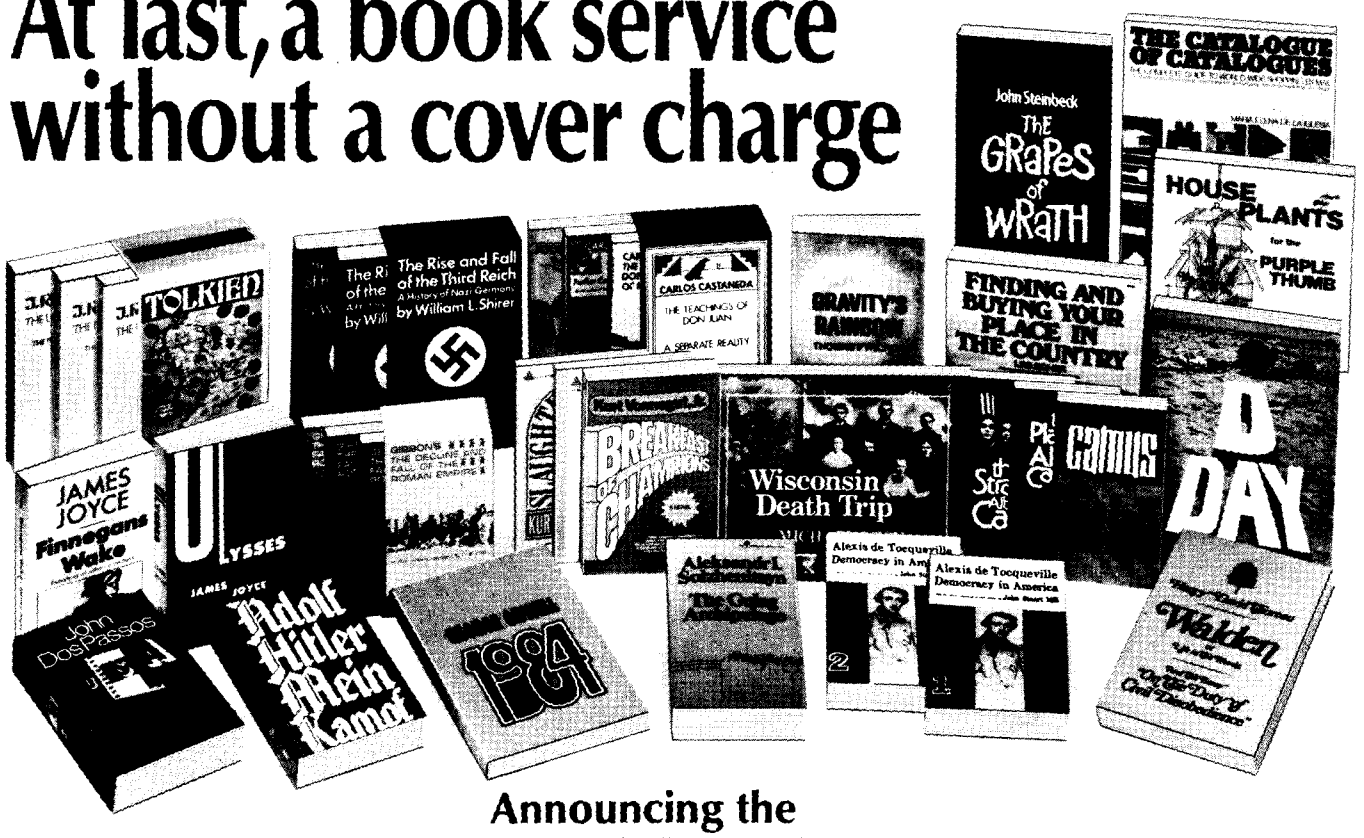

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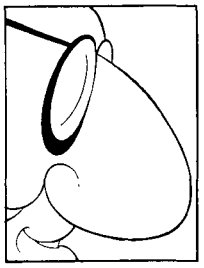

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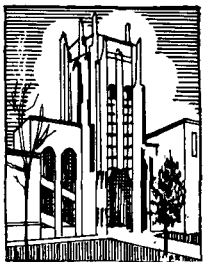

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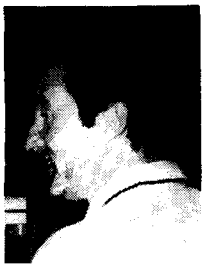

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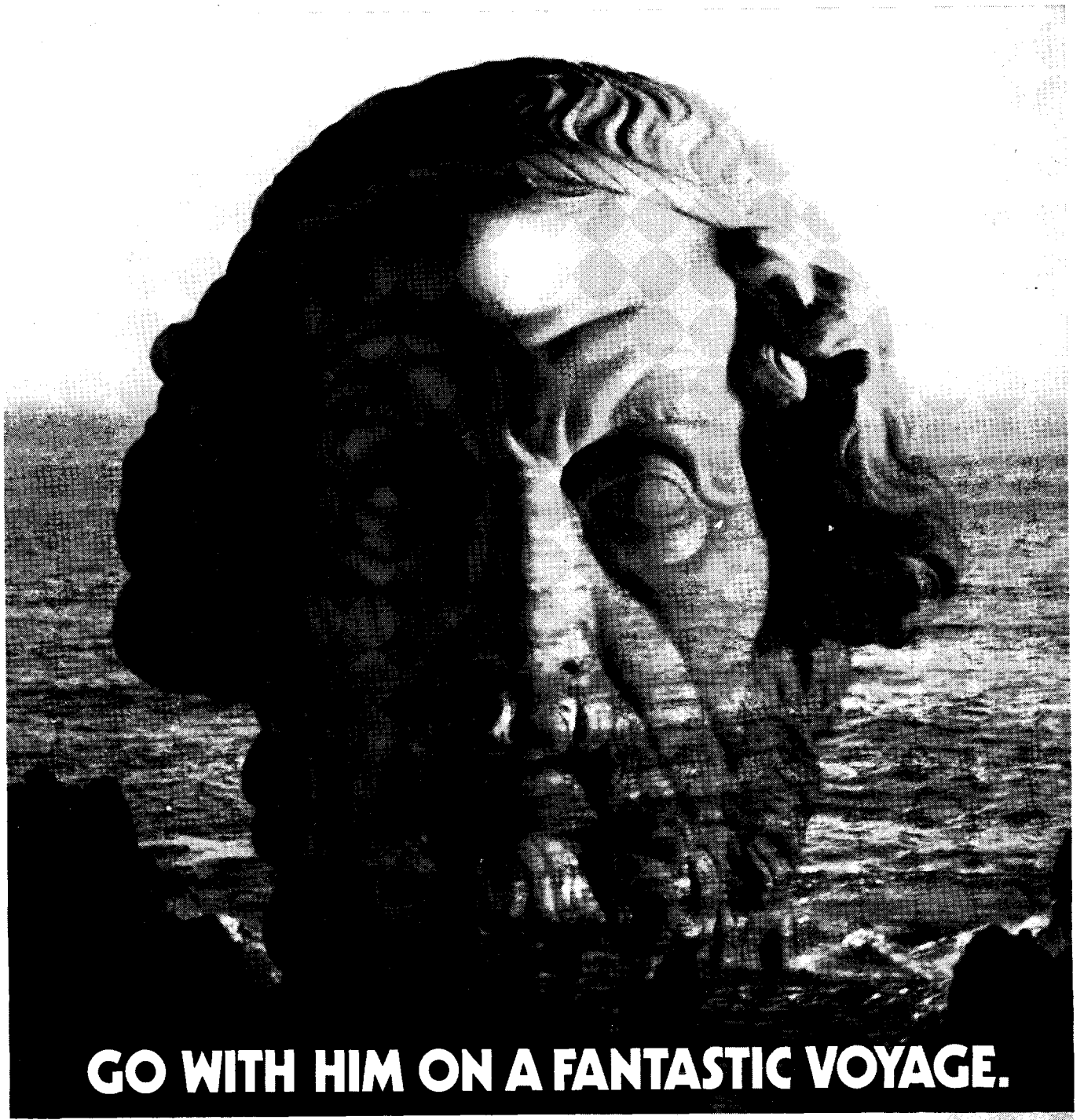

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Falling Superstar? Rep. **Albert H. Quie** (R., Minn.) broke the ice. Quie, longtime friend of President **Ford**, said all **Nixon** holdovers in Ford Cabinet should go—with one exception: Interior Secretary **Rogers Morton**. Since revelation of his Chilean connection, Secretary of State **Kissinger** has become expendable. A member of Ford's transition committee didn't deny that Kissinger would be leaving, but only said he "will not be the first to go." . . . In Moscow **Soviet politicians** are besieging Western diplomats and newsmen with questions about Kissinger's possible departure. With Nixon gone, the Russians depend upon Kissinger to continue detente. . . . Even if Kissinger survives the storm over Chile, there's still the confrontation with Defense Secretary **James Schlesinger**. **Evans & Novak** say long term coexistence between the two brilliant Cabinet officials is impossible: "Within no more than six months . . . the President must choose between them. . . . It's by no means certain he'll choose Kissinger."

■ Behind the **Kennedy** dropout. A while ago political demographer **Richard Scammon** said: "Teddy is the block in the sluice gate. And the Party is going to be hurt until he removes himself in some way." For months Democratic leaders had been suggesting, not very subtly, that Kennedy shouldn't seek the '76 nomination. Kennedy's recent trip to California convinced him. The crowds were small; Democratic candidates from gubernatorial nominee **Edmund Brown Jr.** on down refused to campaign with him and artfully tried to avoid pictures of themselves with Kennedy. . . . Wealthy **McGovern** types plan to meet in Washington to discuss a "liberal coalition" to block a **Henry Jackson** bandwagon.

■ Campaign '74. South Carolina: Either **William Jennings Bryan Dorn** or

Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"The crew's latest worry is that they'll be towed away to a strike breaker's yard."

Lieut. Gov. **Earl Morris** is considered most likely to succeed **Charles D. Ravenel**, the winner of the Democratic nomination for governor who was declared ineligible by the State Supreme Court because he flunked the residency requirement. Republican nominee **James Edwards**, who blitzed **William Westmoreland** in the July primary, is expected to coast in. . . . California: Since 1962 California hasn't reelected an incumbent U.S. senator, but odds are ultraliberal **Alan Cranston** will be returned to the Senate. His opponent, GOP State Senator **Bill Richardson**, a conservative, hasn't got the bucks. In California's 20th District, Rep. **Barry Goldwater Jr.** seems assured a fourth term in his race against consumer buddy **Arlene Mathews**. . . . Maryland: **Barbara Mikulski**, Democratic nominee for the U. S. Senate, has accomplished the difficult with ease; she has gotten to the left of liberal Republican Sen. **Charles McC. Mathias.** Ms. Mikulski wants "to tax the rich and put the money in . . . our stagnating economy."

■ **Ladbrokes**, the British betting firm, says Labor is a 2 to 1 favorite to win the October 10 election; odds against the Tories are 6 to 4; Liberals 150 to 1. The firm said the odds were against the election resulting in an overall majority for any party. . . . Laborites were cheered by some statistics on the economic front: consumer prices had their smallest rise in three years, unemployment remained the same, and the Bank of England lowered its lending rate a fraction. Next month's statistics could be dismal, but they won't appear until after the election. The good news for **Harold Wilson** caused the British stock market to drop to its lowest level in 16 years.

■ **George Meany** blasted Ford over the company he's keeping. The AFL-CIO boss urged Ford to dump his economic advisors, especially Federal Reserve Board Chairman **Arthur Burns**. . . . The **Soviet press** has also begun to unload on Ford, criticizing his planned visit to South Korea and America's policy in Cambodia. Until now, the Soviets had blamed Ford's advisors for his behavior.

■ Communist China's constitution is only twenty years old, but the Chinese are writing a new one. One draft names a new head of state and a new commander in chief of the armed forces: **Mao Tse-tung**. . . . Since August 1, terrorists in Argentina have averaged a killing every 19 hours. A **Buenos Aires entrepreneur** has just opened a 24-hour discount supermarket for wreaths.

■ No hard feelings. The **Bicentennial Radio Network** will begin, on March 31, 1975, broadcasting daily 2½-minute newscasts covering breaking news of the Revolution, as it happened. Paul Revere's ride, the battles of Lexington and Concord, etc. The series will run 6½ years, and it's all courtesy of the BBC.

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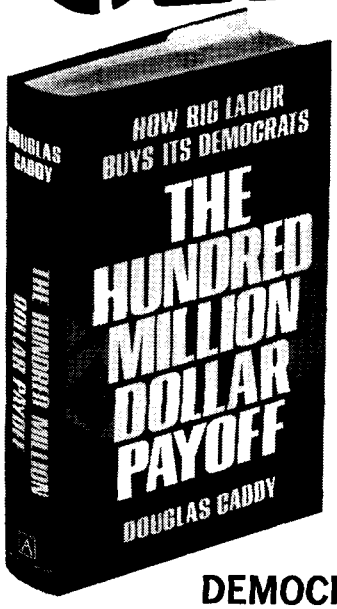

WILL THEY GIVE THESE PROOFS OF DEMOCRATIC LAWBREAKING EVEN *HALF* THE COVERAGE THEY GAVE WATERGATE?

Once upon a time, a Republican politician read a book.

But Abe Lincoln died 109 years ago.

Excuse our hyperbole. We hope our point peeps through. Maybe Republicans resist books because so many books batter them.

Not this one. Here is the campaign tool Republicans have been praying for—perfect for almost every Senate and House race . . . almost every state campaign. For two reasons:

- This book *proves*, with a mass of secret documents, that the Democrats are the *kept* men of politics. Their owners? The union bosses. And how many voters want their state and their country run by labor bosses?
- This book *proves* that Democrats take dirty money—on a scale undreamed-of by voters (or by GOP fat cats).

The Democrats' Watergate

Douglas Caddy, a founder of YAF and first attorney for the Watergate 7 (but not involved in the caper in any way), found his evidence in *over 4,000 secret documents*. They came to light in a little-known court case.

The unions fought hard to keep their dirty linen out of sight. The media cooperated. But this book hangs it all out.

There's hardly a major Democrat who doesn't figure in this orgy of lawbreaking. If Republicans let the Democrats wriggle off this hook–well, then maybe the GOP does have a death wish.

DEMOCRATS AND UNION BIGWIGS LAUGH AT THE LAW

- Senator Montoya denounces laundered political contributions – and gets them himself
- Interlocking political activities between unions and tax-exempt groups. Shouldn't these groups lose tax exemption?
- Labor's "nonpartisan" political stance: confidential documents *prove* it a fraud
- Private memo on "The Wallace Threat" from COPE Director Al Barkan to union leaders
- Explosive: the private correspondence between union officials and Democrat politicians–all reproduced here
- Business money: only 2 to 1 Republican. Labor money: at least 8 to 1 Democratic
- *Detailed expose:* labor's role in 6 Senate races from 1970 to the present: Philip Hart (Michigan), Frank Moss (Utah), Howard Metzenbaum (Ohio), Claiborne Pell (Rhode Island), Lee Metcalf (Montana), and Dick Clark (Iowa)
- What happens when a union member refuses to contribute to the candidates picked by the labor bosses?
- Lists of George Meany loyalists and other labor representatives on the Democratic National Committee, Democratic Charter Commission, Democratic Delegate Selection Commission
- Behind-the-scenes at the International Association of Machinists (IAM) and its political arm, the Machinists Non-Partisan Political League (MNPL)
- Political uses of Machinists' "educational fund"–and even tax-exempt treasury funds
- Secret IAM Executive Committee minutes. What they reveal about the union's massive political activities
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- Labor's token Republicans: how Republican are they?
- Union staffs doing political work. Democrat candidate worries about all the out-of-state licenses on the cars of his campaign workers
- How labor unions help finance newsletters sent out–free–by their favorite Senators and Representatives
- List of union political leaders present at a strategy meeting to defeat Senator John McClellan
- Perceptive Alice Widener report on today's socialists and their plans for the Democratic Party
- Revealed: private union memos and reports on key Texas campaign
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- Letters from union files demonstrating grass-roots rebellion
- Who represents the union members – 30% to 40%–who are neither Democrat nor liberal?
- Michigan: case history of a labor-bossed state
- Labor's plans for the next Democratic convention. Meany's favorite candidate
- How much are union staff assignments worth to Democrat campaigns?
- Private letter from Senator Montoya asks help of IAM president
- Get-out-the-vote campaigns: why they always end up helping the Democrats. Democratic pol's indiscreet letter spells out why he wants to join a "genuine non-partisan registration drive"
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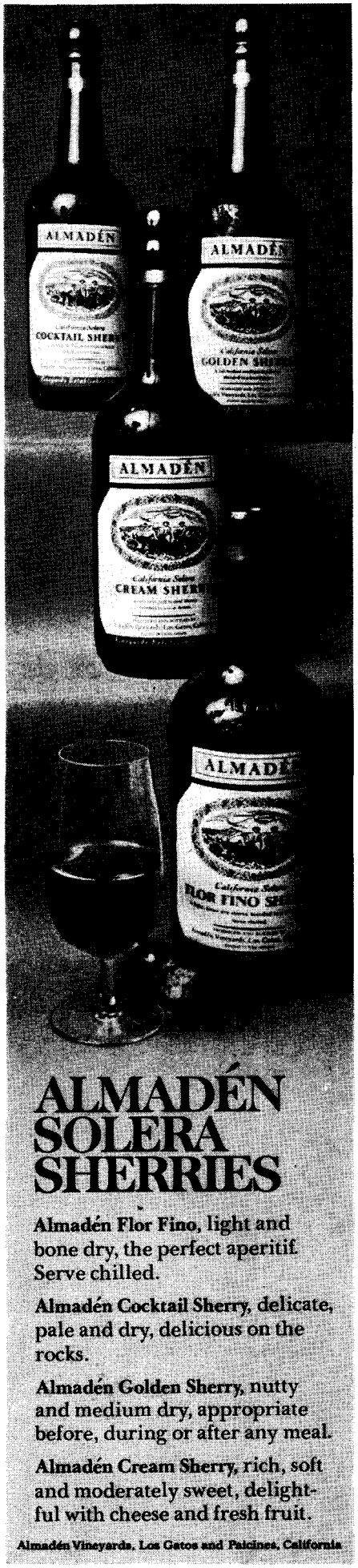
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1134)

indiscriminate murder, but that they ought to identify more such groups.

New Haven, Conn. GERARD JOHN QUINN

Whither Ford?

The attempt of some of your columnists to calm the fears aroused by President Ford's nomination of Governor Rockefeller as Vice President is understandable—even though it may not be totally convincing when seen against the background of President Ford's other leftward steps since taking office.

Far more disturbing is NATIONAL REVIEW's own editorial comment (September 13, p. 1020) that, on account of the profound social changes in the population and structures of the nation, "the Republican Party cannot return to its past without fading away." The changes to which you refer are the result of a systematic and ruthless attack (thus far successful) upon the American middle class. We have reached the stage in American life when you either have to be very rich or designated as "underprivileged" by the government in order to enjoy the care and concern of the elected representatives of the nation. That leaves a large segment of the population out in the cold—and precisely that segment which would turn to the Republican Party, if only that Party were to present a real ideological and practical alternative to the leftist establishment, if, that is, the Republican Party were indeed to "return to its past."

Cincinnati, Ohio JAKOB J. PETUCHOWSKI

I must say that I was almost as disappointed with William Buckley's reaction [Sept. 27] to the liberal moves by Gerald Ford as I was with the moves themselves. Responsible conservatives cannot casually dismiss Mr. Ford's actions as just being attempts to build support for his regime. There are only two ways to look at those actions. First, they can be seen in the light of an attempt to solidify support for a new Presidency, but if that is the case Mr. Ford is mistaken, as Mr. Nixon's 1972 election proved the majority is right of center. Second, they can be seen as the beginnings of a considerably more leftward course. In either case these actions, and their initiator, must be actively opposed by conservatives. If Mr. Ford does return to his senses and take a more moderate course, conservatives may then support him, but only at that point.

Mt. Clemens, Mich. JOSEPH F. FICHT

Gay Rights: Finale

In defending legal and social sanctions against homosexuality ["Reflections on the Issue of Gay Rights," July 19], *NR* has argued that homosexuality is foreign to the "spirit of the West." *NR* has emphasized only this foreignness, and not any objective moral wrongness of homosexuality. If homosexuality were in conformity with some other civilization *NR* would have no grounds on which to object to its being esteemed there.

As long as *NR* argues this way it is not entitled to claim, as it does, that it is perpetuating the mind of the West on homosexuality: for the condemnation of homosexuality in the West has never been made merely out of loyalty to our identity as a civilization, but as a content of the natural moral law. Only if *NR* were to stop treating homosexuality as merely an un-Western style of life, and understand that homosexuality is objectively as bad in non-Westerners as in Westerners, and that sanctions against it are not a matter of piety toward the West but of obedience to the natural moral law, only then would it be handing on the teaching of the West on this matter. And since there really exists this natural moral law, only then would *NR* be taking the right position.

But until *NR* thus revises its argument, it is really much closer to Mr. Brudnoy and the gay liberationists than to Western tradition: *NR* joins Mr. Brudnoy more than it realizes in his scoffing at Western tradition. For *NR* agrees with Mr. Brudnoy that homosexuality is a nonmoral matter, is only a question of an unaccustomed pattern of behavior. *NR* wants to keep sanctions against homosexuality, Mr. Brudnoy wants to eliminate them, but neither party thinks it is conflicting over the moral law. Traditional Western morality, in understanding its position on homosexuality as a moral position, puts itself at a greater distance from *NR* and Mr. Brudnoy, than either is from the other.

Not until *NR* stops making concessions to the reigning philosophical skepticism and relativism (of which its position on homosexuality is only one example), and recovers an understanding of the natural moral law, will its defense of the West be more than apparent.

Irving, Tex. DR. JOHN F. CROSBY

I hope I am forgiven by my friends at *NR* if I hereinafter discontinue the argument as to whether my view on gay rights is "conservative" or not; I believe it is, M. J. Sobran Jr. insists it is not ["Mr. Brudnoy's Argument," August 16; Letters, August 30], and we are getting absolutely nowhere along those lines. Mr. Sobran refers to the "rich fabric of values that constitutes our civilization," shortly after poohpoohing my statement that I am not aware that anyone has been "empowered" to decide precisely what that consists of. I think it is clear: for Joe Sobran, Joe Sobran is to decide; for David Brudnoy, David Brudnoy; for . . . We can all see that there is no future in this sort of exchange.

Let us then redirect our attention to the central question: will homosexuals be treated as equal under American law or will they not, and will individuals try to

(Continues on page 1183)

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Conservative Chic?

Suddenly it's becoming fashionable to be a conservative egghead. Slowly the liberal world is awakening to the ideas of freedom that abound in the conservative intellectual milieu. In the *Columbia Journalism Review*, in *Time* magazine, and in all sorts of unlikely places, people are writing about the young conservative journalists, and the fact is that many of these magnificoes launched themselves right here on the pages of *The Alternative*, a journal that is being talked about all over the country.

Are we becoming fashionable? Might we even become chic? Only Tom Wolfe knows, but why not subscribe now and watch us happen.

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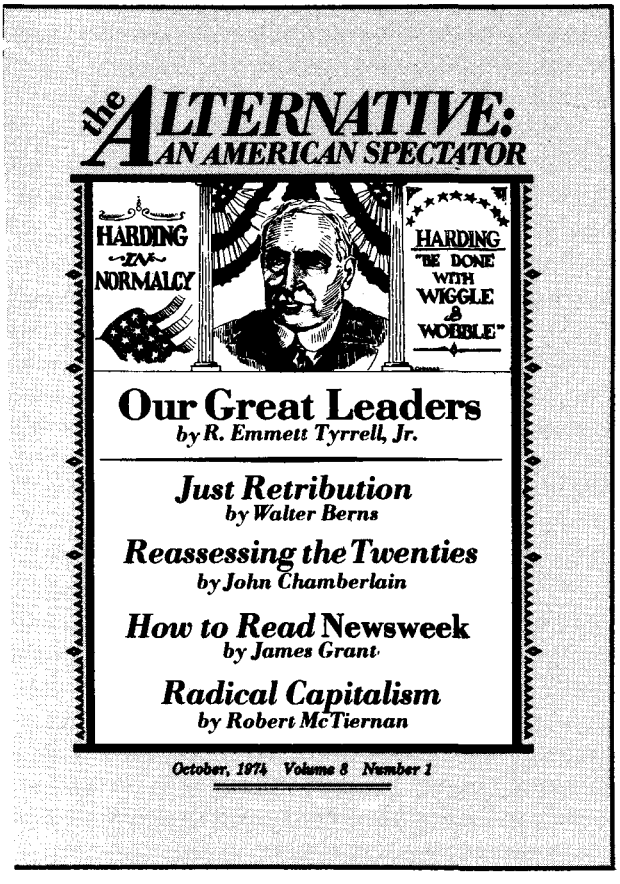
—R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor, The Alternative



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THE WEEK

■ Bumper sticker seen on a Boston freeway: "Don't blame me—I'm from Alabama."

■ While presidential and congressional rhetoric emphasizes the need for economizing, in order to fight inflation, recent actions belie the words. In the first months of the Ford Administration we have a new $25-billion education bill, an $11-billion mass transit bill, an $11-billion housing bill, unbudgeted additional millions on veterans benefits and small business loans, subsidized loans for cattlemen and banks, and the refusal to defer federal pay increases. The Joint Economic Committee recommends "holding" federal spending at $300 billion (a $25-billion increase over last year), while the Committee simultaneously advocates spending billions more on public service jobs, food stamps, and welfare benefits. Interest on past deficits, already costing taxpayers over $29 billion a year, is expected to be revised upward soon. Well, what can you expect from the outfit that "held" federal spending from $118 billion to almost triple that sum in a single decade?

■ Further developments from the Postal Department. It took 39 days for a money order to travel 65 feet from the post office where it was mailed to the addressee. In the nation's largest cities postal backlogs up to 10,000 tons of mail a day are being reported. Friends and relatives have been known to get birth announcements by phone before receiving wedding invitations by mail. And police caught mailmen selling 100 tons of mail for recycling as pulp. These incidents happen to have occurred in Italy—but did you have any reason to believe it wasn't the U.S. Post Office at work?

■ September 24 was one of those days at the *New York Times*. On page 40, an editorial heaped malediction upon the anti-abortion forces' latest "end run around the will of the majority and the word of the Supreme Court." Meanwhile, over on page 41, a signed Op-Ed piece by *Times* editorial writer Roger Wilkins called on quarterback Gerald Ford to send HEW on just such an end run —up in Boston. And elsewhere. *Everywhere* elsewhere: "by giving HEW a firm directive that the Civil Rights Act is to be enforced equally all over the country." What we want to know is, is Wilkins the guy who wrote those editorials about Executive arrogance a few weeks ago?

■ Immigration Commissioner Leonard F. Chapman has a dandy suggestion for saving the government some money. He wants to discontinue visa extensions for foreign visitors. This would "save the work of 47½ men," he reckons, or some $600,000 a year. Well, not *save*, actually—the 47 men would be transferred to other posts, perhaps in the U.S. Travel Service which spends $11.5 million a year trying to lure foreign tourists to these shores. The other ½ man should be considered as Mr. Chapman's successor.

■ The resistance and disruption that greeted the busing of 20,000 schoolchildren in Boston will undoubtedly fade as predicted by the city fathers. But the issue remains, and while public sentiment had no effect last June on the federal court that issued the order to bus it did impress Governor Sargent who is running for reelection. He backed away from his pro-busing position to one that favors quality education—having realized perhaps that even many blacks in the city have complained about the loss of neighborhood schools, the length of the bus rides, and the implication that only by mixing with whites can their children receive a good education.

■ Easy money is the best solution to inflation, according to White House conferences of businessmen, economists, housing interests, and labor leaders. Most are reluctant to assign numbers to their definitions of monetary "tightness" or "ease." In fact, the rate of money growth has slowed perceptibly only for the last two or three months—which hardly constitutes a trend. Interest rates are fairly low in real terms, adjusted for the erosion of purchasing power, though they would become high for existing borrowers if inflation declined. That is probably one reason why borrowers are, in effect, arguing for perpetual inflation.

■ The Organization of American States is in the process of reviewing its position on Cuba, specifically the economic and political sanctions imposed a decade ago. The U.S. has endorsed the review by the OAS, and it is generally assumed that the sanctions will be lifted, and recognition granted by the U.S., a change which may prompt another look at our policy of recognizing foreign governments. We recognize the Soviet Union, by whose effort Cuba became a Soviet tool and an exporter of revolution, and an exile from the Organization of American States. Cuba may be new and different now, as a shameless Herbert Matthews claims in an article in the *New York Times*—Matthews is just letting history catch up with him; his premature pro-Castroism contributed to

Friendship

I'm all for saying *Wiedersehen*
  Instead of bleak "goodbye."
A friend in need's a friend indeed:
  I'll drink to that for aye.
But usually like attracts,
  While opposites repel.
So why the devil's Gerald Ford
  A buddy of Goodell?

W. H. von Dreele

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How To BEAT THE DEPRESSION THAT IS SURELY COMING!

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You don't have to be a millionaire to live better than ever during a depression. You don't have to be a financial wizard to profit enormously from it! Thousands of men did it during the thirties. For many of them it was an era of golden opportunity. It can be for you too.

Right now, many economists are utterly convinced the depression is coming, soon, and the economic indexes support that contention right down the line!

THE EVIDENCE IS OVERWHELMING!

Certainly, the market is anything but sound and the European markets are in substantially worse shape.

We have been forced to devalue the dollar **twice** and these are only stop-gap measures! We still have a dangerously unfavorable balance of trade; we owe 80 billions in gold, but our monetary gold reserves total less than 15 billion!

We can't compete with the Japanese or Europeans right here at home in our own market-place, let alone overseas, not only because our labor costs are too high, but because our machine tools are obsolete and our manufacturing techniques are out-moded. (Our heavy industry remains virtually unchanged since before World War II, but the German and Japanese tools and techniques are **post** World War II and thus vastly more efficient).

Inflation is worse than ever and unemployment remains a serious problem . . . over 5% nationally and above 10% in some areas.

18,000,000 Americans are on welfare, over 4,000,000 are unemployed and 25,000,000 are living under poverty conditions!

In most urban areas, prime office space is vacant . . . in New York and other big cities, landlords are abandoning once lucrative properties. In the world of high finance, where the goal was diversification and the watch-word was acquisition, the cry is now **divestiture!** Pare down! Get ready!

Look at our cities! Municipal governments virtually bankrupt! A shortage of housing, an overabundance of people, a racial problem growing worse instead of better! Air and water polluted. Education deteriorating, drug usage and violent crime on the rise. Police, firemen, street cleaners and other civil servants demanding higher and higher wages, and no end in sight!

And it's the same story all over the world!

In the once prosperous Ruhr Valley, the blast furnaces are growing cold, the steel mills are shutting down, and heavy industries are grinding to a standstill. Unemployment in Germany, the most prosperous nation in Europe, is increasing rapidly and it's the same in Britain, Italy, France, the Scandinavian Countries and, in fact, throughout the world!

The economy is shakier now than at any time since World War II, it is getting shakier by the minute, and not only is an imminent depression a certainty in the minds of many economists, but in many areas of the nation and the world it has already arrived!

The question is no longer, "Is it going to happen?" The question is, "What are you going to do to prepare yourself, to keep your holdings intact, and even make money from the opportunities that invariably present themselves?"

You don't have to be a millionaire to turn the depression to your advantage! In every depression, there have always been men who made money while others were going broke. There have always been businesses that flourished while others were going under. There have always been stocks that were going up while most were going down.

And there have always been men living securely and well while others were scuffling merely to stay alive!

There are techniques to use, there are methods that work! You don't buck the tide, you swim with it. You don't fight the depression. You join it! And you do it with knowledge. With know-how. By knowing what to do and how and when to do it!

The techniques do exist! They are available, and you can learn them! Now you can get all the facts, all the figures, all the expert advice and information you must have, to know not merely how to survive during the coming depression, but how to make money from it! This specific, how-to instruction and advice is contained in a brand-new volume called

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In this brilliant manual, you learn everything that could be of interest and of value to you during a depression!

You learn which type of businesses flourish during a depression, and which types go under, and why!

You learn which stocks rose during the 1st great depression, which ones declined, which ones are likely to react during this coming depression, and how.

You read actual case-histories of men who made fortunes during the last depression . . . and of a few who lost them!

You learn how to take advantage of the incredible real estate values that invariably present themselves during a depression, and how to avail yourself of those opportunities even if you have virtually no capital to work with!

You get practical, specific, "how-to" advice on every aspect of handling your current affairs. Experts advise you on what to do about the real estate you now own, including the house you live in . . . what to do about your current job if your current situation is less than perfect . . . how to handle your personal and your business banking and much more of extreme value relative to banking.

You learn about incredible investment opportunities you can take advantage of with virtually no capital.

You learn time-tested techniques for building capital during depressed times and you get a wealth of other practical, usable information that ranges from some very interesting advice on short sales, warrants, puts & calls and commodities, to a cool, detached view of the market in general.

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the making of a generation of suffering and disaster in Cuba. There is no talk, yet, of any concession by Castro.

■ West Germany is the most prosperous nation of the non-Communist world, with the lowest rates of inflation *and* of unemployment, and a trade surplus which, in spite of the quadrupled price of the oil that West Germany must import, has been running this year at the rate of nearly $2 billion a month. The present government is based on a coalition between the Social Democratic Party and the small Free Democratic Party, and the head of government is the Social Democrat Dr. Helmut Schmidt. In an interview a couple of months ago, Chancellor Schmidt stated: "Despite our abstention from controlling prices and wages, we have the smallest price increases. The whole of our economy is more adjusted to respond to market forces than to regulations. This is said by a Social Democrat. The deeper you get into regulations the deeper you get into red tape and the more you hamper the dynamic development of your economy." This fellow Schmidt may be a Social Democrat, but he's our Social Democrat.

■ Forced by the simultaneously posed issues of detente and Chile, Secretary of State Kissinger has painted himself into something of a contradiction, and will have to squirm a little to make a convincing exit. On the one hand he upholds our intervention, through CIA operations, in Chile's internal affairs. On the other, he argues, in defense of going ahead now with detente, that it would be improper for us to attempt to meddle in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union. Why the double standard? Because the Allende government was worse than the Soviet government? Because it was more of a threat to us? Because destabilizing the Allende government was "in the best interest of the people of Chile" (as the President put it in his press conference), whereas destabilizing the Soviet government would not be in the best interest of the people of the Soviet Union? Or maybe because Chile is sufficiently weak for us to get away with interference and the Soviet Union too strong for us to meddle with? None of the alternatives is very satisfactory.

■ While Zaireans and their foreign guests were yawning away the great gap of time before the Big Fight, Inongo Sakombi, of the Ministry of National Orientation, gave an American reporter a lesson in Zairean political science: "Inspired by ancient African tribal ways, we know that only one person can decide for large, diverse families, and as a nation we give him—the President [Mobutu]—this power to decide." There is "freedom to discuss," he went on, "but we discuss inside the family, not outside—this is our democracy in action and any separation of power at the top would weaken our unity." As for Zairean economics, it is explained by Captain Unyon Pewu, who supervised construction of the stadium to be used for the fight: "I have no idea what it cost. But, whatever it is, it is for the good of the people of Zaire. Who can put a price on a gift of the President to the people?" His tax lawyer, maybe?

■ According to the new edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, the authoritative annual inventory of sea power, there is no longer a ruler of the waves. The British navy dropped out of the race many years ago, and lacks the naval strength to protect the North Sea oil fields and merchant marine that have replaced the colonies as its most precious off-island possessions. The Soviet navy is ahead in numbers of submarines and seaborne missiles, and has a powerful land-based naval air arm, but it has only two small carriers (for helicopters and vertical takeoff aircraft) and much of its technical equipment is deficient. The U.S. carrier fleet has been cut down to 14 vessels, but is still far out in front. Over all, U.S. naval vessels have been reduced in the past six years from 1,000 to 514, but many of the discarded ships were outmoded and some will be replaced with advanced types now started or planned. France, which is completing her sixth nuclear missile-bearing submarine, will soon be Western Europe's strongest naval power. The current standoff would seem to be a perfect opportunity for the Arabs if they're looking for a way to spend all that money.

■ The World Health Organization has discovered that the old are better off in poor countries than in rich ones: in poor countries they are not forced into early retirement, are respected because of their age, are supported by family instead of by government, are spared, in short, all the benefits of the welfare state. The WHO suggests that rich countries revamp their social structures accordingly.

■ When quote nonconformist painters set up an unauthorized art show on the sidewalks of Moscow last week, cultural integrity was preserved at the last moment by quote vigilantes armed, ever so conveniently, with bulldozers and firehoses, who routed the artists. Five of the painters were fined and put in the workhouse until, uh, unfortunate publicity in the foreign press effected their release. Some light on this seeming overreaction to sidewalk art was shed by fellow vigilante and art critic Gus Hall, who says: "One would have to be totally naive not to see the fine hand of the CIA in this affair."

Giving Till It Hurts

Senator Humphrey is dying to give
Food to the world like a regular sieve.
Wheat for the Hindus and corn meal for Chad;
Footdragging anywhere makes the man mad.
Even when Ma says the cupboard is bare,
Something inside him bleats, "We gotta share!"
Maybe when bagels are two for a buck
Humphrey will sense how we're running amuck.

W. H. VON DREELE

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One of America's oldest ideas is now one of television's newest.

The Town Meeting.

A Colonial concept that gave free men the chance to voice their opinions on important matters. One of America's first democratic innovations, and one of our truly inspired ideas.

Appropriately, the premiere broadcast originated in Concord, Massachusetts. Later programs will be televised from other historic locations.

There is a lively interest in the town meeting idea. Since July we have been underwriting **National Town Meeting** at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., and audiences have been large and enthusiastic. Participants have been fascinating: Senators Sam Ervin, John Tower, J. William Fulbright, Charles Mathias, Jr., and Eugene McCarthy; Nancy Hanks; Phyllis Schlafly; Professor Hans Morgenthau.

The Washington meetings have been broadcast by National Public Radio; and future programs will be, too. Now we are proud to bring **National Town Meeting** to television.

On Sunday, September 29th, **National Town Meeting** premiered on PBS stations across the country.

This Town Meeting on TV gives audiences the same sort of opportunity to ask questions about important issues that the Colonial meetings provided. We think it also will give Americans a renewed sense of participation in their nation's affairs. As Thomas Jefferson said, "For God's sake, let us freely hear both sides."

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

So public spirited are the maritime unions that they have dug deep into their pockets (which are lined with subsidies from the taxpayers) and have shelled out $333,000 (thus far) in campaign contributions for 145 members of Congress. The recipients are a richly diverse group, hailing from every corner of this great land. But 141 of them have one thing in common: they supported a bill that would require that a larger portion of the nation's oil imports be shipped—at greater cost—in U.S. tankers manned by U.S. crews. The increased costs will be borne only by those people who use petroleum products. These are the same people who pay the salaries of the members of Congress who voted for that bill. One of the strongest supporters of that bill, Senator Mike Gravel, the Alaska Democrat who nominated himself for Vice President at the 1972 Democratic Convention, has received a $25,000 loan from the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association Political Action Fund.

■ And from the Democratic National Committee, home of the party that made inflation a household word, comes this analysis of the great issues of the 1974 election: "There are only three issues that make any difference: high prices, the cost of living, and inflation."

■ Senator John Stennis (D., Miss.), Chairman of the Armed Services Committee, has denounced what he calls "false speculation" about the U.S. Navy being inferior to the Soviet navy. He says such speculation might make the Soviet Union "react recklessly or belligerently." If that is true, we had better hope that the Soviet leaders do not read *Jane's Fighting Ships*, an authoritative source of information and evaluation about the world's navies. *Jane's Fighting Ships* is a principal source of what Stennis denounces as "alarmist assertions that the naval balance has shifted to Russia."

■ Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt in his memoirs, says that Mr. Nixon's lawyers invited him to the White House last spring to chat about Mr. Nixon's defense. One of Mr. Nixon's lawyers at the time, J. Fred Buzhardt, says "we were trying to ascertain some facts that were in doubt." Hunt says the invitation was "outrageously inappropriate."

■ The government decision against a subsidy for Pan Am (the request was for $10 million a month, retroactive to April) may indicate a turning point in the relation of big and faltering businesses to the government. Some feel that in the current climate the Lockheed loan guarantee of a few years ago would be rejected.

■ Life is hell these days, what with Congressmen having their styles cramped by what a wit has called "the post-Watergate morality." A bevy of lawmakers—six senators and a congressman—were all set to junket around the world, with stops in Honolulu, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Bangkok, Teheran, and London. The purpose of this fun-filled trip was, ostensibly, to attend the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in Tokyo October 2-12—which is smack in the middle of Congress' pell mell drive to recess for election campaigning. Congress appropriates $75,000 a year for dues to the IPU and $45,000 for travel, which would have paid for the leisurely two-and-a-half week trip around the world. But the trip has been canceled, and some people think that is because of the above-mentioned new morality.

■ Allard Lowenstein is a young man who has made a career opposing the military-industrial complex and all its works. He periodically runs for Congress and loses. He deplored the war in Vietnam, detested Lyndon Johnson, and was, for a while, the symbol of Democratic Party insurgency. Senator Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.) is a symbol of Democratic Party orthodoxy. He supported the war, and Johnson, to the end. Lowenstein is running for Congress from a Long Island district. Guess who was the guest speaker at Lowenstein's fundraising breakfast the other day?

—CATO

■ Move over, Evel. A British gent is preparing to soar over the River Nene, which is fifty yards wide, wearing wings of his own construction. He has appealed for twenty men to pull back on the rubber band.

■ VOICES OF MODERATION. Garry Wills, in *Harper's*: "The Lord boasted to Job about Behemoth and Leviathan, like a parent proud of even ill-favored children. But he must be tempted to hide Nixon somewhere in the last row when trying to explain his universe." *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town": "[an] act of presidential contempt for the people. Indeed, the pardon may be the final blow to their faith in America."

■ The Senate Special Committee on National Emergencies has concluded that many of the most significant decisions of the last three Presidents have been withheld from Congress and the public. While presidential "proclamations" and "executive orders" must be published in the *Federal Register*, the law has been evaded by calling the measures by some other name, e.g., Kennedy's and Johnson's "national security memoranda" and Nixon's "national security directives." At last, Nixon is no longer the only object of the Senate's Watergate-inspired interest in excessive presidential power.

■ CULTURAL NOTES. Nena and George O'Neill, coauthors of the bestselling *Open Marriage*, which makes the case for total freedom for both marital partners, are getting a divorce. Maybe they're planning a sequel. . . . In a straw poll in Eugene, Oregon before the Rockefeller appointment, Senator Ted Kennedy managed to tie Evel Knievel as a vice presidential favorite. . . . In London, the Special Days Promotion Committee has made October 12 "Granny's Day," but is snubbing Gramps, on grounds that "the public won't stand for too many special days all of a sudden." . . . Vilma Albracht and Rudolf Verdonck of Amsterdam sent out announcements a couple of years ago that they were going to live together. Something must have gone wrong—after a while they got married, on the sly, of course. But, alas, word of the marriage leaked out and "half of

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our friends dropped us," the bride sighs. "I don't think that we would get them back even if we divorced." . . . And in Bordeaux, Mireille Balzac, a housewife, was determined to become a writer because of her last name. She finally persuaded her husband to let her live alone on Corsica for a year to pursue it. "During the year I became badly addicted to liquor and tobacco," she reports. "My husband ran off with another woman and I lost my completed manuscript."

■ Letter of the Week, to the Sunday *New York Times*, from Hortense Firestone Fiekowsky, economist, U.S. Labor Department: "After comparing the relative rates of inflation since 1948 . . . I've decided that the only way to beat the system is to eat chicken (—9 per cent), make only long distance calls (—34 per cent) and transatlantic trips (+1.6 per cent) and wear mink (+7 per cent). Definitely *don't* get sick (+779 per cent) nor send your child to Harvard (+647 per cent). If you follow these instructions carefully, you may be able to afford a subscription to the *Times* (+400 per cent)."

■ Critical choice of the week. Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller, asked whether he thought his financial holdings could create a conflict of interest situation, answered: "No, sir, or I wouldn't have accepted the designation."

Exit Ted

Senator Edward Kennedy's decision not to run for the Presidency in 1976 evoked a response of almost universal relief. "Kennedy frees the Democrats," cheered Tom Wicker. "Senator Kennedy has left his party free to seek a leader who is unencumbered by issues of personal conduct," commented the *Wall Street Journal*. "We think that Senator Edward M. Kennedy made the right decision from both his own point of view and that of his party," intoned the *Washington Post*.

The sense of relief in all quarters was oddly reminiscent of the feeling that followed the resignation of Richard Nixon—though in withdrawing from the arena Kennedy was usually characterized as "statesmanlike," in contrast to Nixon who was considered disgraced. This linking of the two men is not fortuitous, for their fates were strangely interwoven. The departure of Nixon and the receding specter of Watergate made Kennedy all the more vulnerable on Chappaquiddick. When Nixon went down, he took Kennedy with him, only a slight delay intervening.

In a variety of ways, indeed, the fates of Nixon and the Kennedy dynasty have been connected. It is evident from the White House transcripts that Nixon was preoccupied with Kennedys to the point of morbidity. Their supposed toughness provided an unsettling model for him: pious in public, Nixon would imitate secretly the supposed Kennedy ruthlessness. Long after everyone else had dismissed the possibility, Nixon felt he would be running against Teddy Kennedy in 1972—and perhaps unconsciously wanted to. Nixon felt his own puritan habits superior to the Kennedy jet-settishness, but at least since the first TV debate with JFK, Nixon felt intimidated by the Kennedy assurance and style. At times, Nixon made his own sense of involvement with the Kennedys explicit. In 1969, after Chappaquiddick, Nixon privately encouraged Teddy by assuring him that if Nixon could come back from the depths, so could the Senator: *Nixon*, for once, providing a model for a *Kennedy*. Finally, Nixon's own Presidency very likely would have been historically excluded had not two Kennedys died at the hands of assassins. In the almost simultaneous departure of Nixon and Teddy, therefore, there exists an artistic symmetry and a powerful internal logic. The curtain falls on an era.

In truth, Senator Kennedy's decision was scarcely more voluntary than Nixon's, for neither man had much choice. Even what is generally known about Senator Kennedy's personal circumstances would make a presidential campaign at once awkward and agonizing. Robert Sherrill's recent article on Chappaquiddick in the *New York Times* was virtually an ultimatum. It raised all the issues, and demonstrated definitively that they would not go away. The Sherrill article was accompanied by a number of other pieces in other organs at about the same time, some of them raising new and even more damaging questions. At the present time, investigative reporters from several major newspapers and magazines are poking around in Edgartown, trying to outdo Woodward and Bernstein. Even apart from the Chappaquiddick scandal, and what it revealed about the Senator, skepticism about his capacities is widespread in the political establishment, though such judgments are seldom aired in public. It is notable that such men as Larry O'Brien and Mike Mansfield, both in harmony with Kennedy ideologically, recently hoped in public that Teddy would not run, and several Democratic congressional candidates have declined his help in the current campaign.

With Kennedy the hare out of the race, the prospects of Jackson the tortoise may have improved, but his problems both political and aesthetic are formidable: his opposition on the left appears to be irreconcilable; and he

Head-Knocker Wanted

Business wants a tax break;
  Labor wants a raise.
Farmers feel that price supports
  Will still see better days.
Bureaucrats get sullen
  If their ox is gored.
When will Mr. Ford unsheath
  His terrible swift sword?

W. H. VON DREELE

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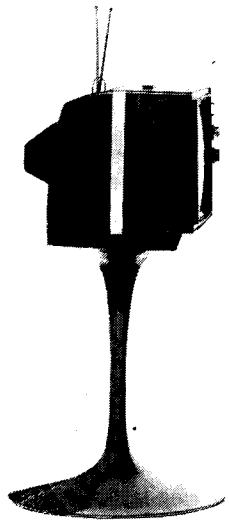
Children's TV is changing. Watch.



Sometime soon, sit down with your child and see the new children's shows. These days you will find that they're designed to be much more than entertainment.

Embedded in the fun are pro-social values. Themes and content ranging from ethics, brotherhood and self-understanding to hygiene, safety, science and current events.

Creative programmers—helped by psychologists, educators and experts in child development—are continually experimenting with new ways to inform the young viewers they attract.

Join your children to sample their new TV fare. On Saturday mornings alone, there are 14 new programs. And check the list below for family programs you'd like them to share with you this October and November. This fall, there are new things for both you and your children to discover. Together.

Sara's Summer of the Swans. ABC Afterschool Special–Sensitive 14-year-old girl's emergence from adolescent insecurity. Wednesday, Oct. 2 (4:30-5:30 pm).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Anoop and the Elephant; Orange Watering Cart; Black Mountain; Circus Adventures; The Boy Who Wore Spectacles; Lucy and the Miracles; Mauro the Gypsy; Birds Come Flying to Us; A Member of the Family. Saturdays, Oct. 5, 12, 19, 26; Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-2 pm).

Tornado! 4:40 p.m., Xenia, Ohio. NBC News focuses on town hit by tornado and declared disaster area. Sunday, Oct. 6 (10-11 pm).

Sinatra–The Main Event–Madison Square Garden. Frank Sinatra live, in concert. Sunday, Oct. 13 (9-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up on Danger in Sports: Paying the Price. Examines risk of injury among young athletes and preventive measures being studied. Monday, Oct. 14 (8-9 pm).

The Cay. Bell System Family Theatre–James Earl Jones portrays West Indian who rescues young boy. Monday, Oct. 21 (8-9 pm).

The Law. Drama provides realistic look at judicial system. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (8:30-11 pm).

Campaign '74: Two Weeks to Go. CBS News Special–Report on major election issues. Tuesday, Oct. 22 (10-11 pm).

The Bridge of Adam Rush. ABC Afterschool Special–A boy and his new stepfather learn to live together. Wednesday, Oct. 23 (4:30-5:30 pm).

It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown; Charlie Brown's Thanksgiving. Monday, Oct. 28; Thursday, Nov. 21 (8-8:30 pm).

Dr. Seuss on the Loose. Monday, Oct. 28 (8:30-9 pm).

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman. Cicely Tyson in her Emmy Award-winning role as a former slave remembering lifetime of struggle. Sunday, Nov. 3 (7:30-9:30 pm).

Winning and Losing: Diary of a Campaign. ABC Afterschool Special–Boy and girl learn about electoral process. Wednesday, Nov. 6 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Brief Encounter. Hallmark Hall of Fame–Noel Coward story with Richard Burton, Sophia Loren. Tuesday, Nov. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. Saturday, Nov. 16 (2-3 pm).

The Godfather. Academy Award film starring Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Diane Keaton, James Caan. Saturday, Nov. 16; Monday, Nov. 18 (9-11 pm).

Patagonia: Life at the End of the World. The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Monday, Nov. 18 (8-9 pm).

The Ambassador. First of four specials on life of Ben Franklin focuses on diplomatic years in Paris. Thursday, Nov. 21 (9:30-11 pm).

Great Expectations. Bell System Family Theatre–New adaptation of Dickens' classic with Margaret Leighton, Michael York, Sarah Miles, James Mason. Friday, Nov. 22 (8-10 pm).

Johnny Cash Ridin' the Rails–The Great American Train Story. History with music of nation's railroads. Friday, Nov. 22 (10-11 pm).

And Who Shall Feed This World? NBC News White Paper–Nature and causes of world food shortage. Sunday, Nov. 24 (10-11 pm).

Smithsonian: Monsters, Mysteries and Myths. Unexplained myths of natural phenomena, such as Loch Ness Monster. Monday, Nov. 25 (8-9 pm).

Winnie the Pooh and the Blustery Day. Tuesday, Nov. 26 (8-8:30 pm).

The Thanksgiving Treasure. Inspiring holiday drama with Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-9:30 pm).

Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe's tale of survival. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Godspell. Parables from Gospels in song and dance. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (8-10 pm).

Things in Their Season. GE Theater–Conflict over a son's desire to leave farm. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (9:30-11 pm).

Annie and the Hoods. Anne Bancroft in sketches involving Motherhood, Childhood, Womanhood, Brotherhood, etc. Wednesday, Nov. 27 (10-11 pm).

Magic Man. Bill Bixby with outstanding magicians. Thursday, Nov. 28 (3:30-4:30 pm).

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory. Musical fantasy with Gene Wilder, Jack Albertson. Thursday, Nov. 28 (8-10 pm).

The Gathering Storm. Hallmark Hall of Fame –Richard Burton portrays Winston Churchill. Friday, Nov. 29 (8:30-10 pm).

ABC News Close-Up: Jimmy Hoffa. Career of the former teamster president. Saturday, Nov. 30 (10-11 pm).

Bicentennial Minutes. One-minute segments on American history aired each day to July '76.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom

Saturday [*New program]: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/*Wheelie and the Chopper Bunch/Emergency +4/*Hong Kong Phooey/*Run, Joe, Run/*Partridge Family: 2200 A.D./*New Adventures of Gilligan/*Land of the Lost/*Valley of the Dinosaurs/*Devlin/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters /*Shazam!/*Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/*Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/Super Friends/Star Trek/*Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/*U.S. of Archie/ *These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/ The Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/ Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/ Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova /Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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is boring. George Wallace may now in fact be the most popular Democrat, but grave doubts exist about his health. Walter Mondale will probably inherit some of the Kennedy following and be the preferred candidate of the McGovern crowd, but he is a moralistic Midwestern busser whose oratorical style makes Henry Jackson seem charismatic.

The moment would seem to be at hand for the emergence of new possibilities in the Democratic Party. It would be surprising if the forthcoming elections did not produce some. The required Democrat is not a "new Southerner," as many commentators rather romantically think. He is, rather, a pragmatic liberal, probably an Irish Catholic, attractive but not pretty, and from a major industrial state. Should John Gilligan be reelected governor in Ohio, or Hugh Carey win the governorship in New York, they would be men worth watching.

Ford and Oil

In recent speeches both in Detroit and at the UN, President Ford sought to suggest that the U.S. is prepared to take a "tougher" line with the oil producing countries in an effort to fend off global economic disaster. Secretary Kissinger has somberly echoed what amounts to an intended warning by the President. "The whole structure of our society rests upon the expectation of abundant fuel at reasonable prices," said the President in Detroit. "Sovereign nations cannot allow their policies to be dictated or their fate decided by artificial rigging and distortion of world commodity markets." At the UN, Ford attempted "linkage" between Arab oil and U.S. food. "It has not," he said, "been our policy to use food as a political weapon despite the oil embargo and recent oil price and production decisions." It has not been, he meant to suggest, but it soon might be.

The prospects for this kind of pressure are dubious at best, and in the wake of Ford's UN speech Western European representatives began to separate themselves from any hint of "threat" or "pressure" directed against the oil producing cartel. Such is the fear the "oil weapon" has induced among formerly sovereign West European states.

The essence of the problem consists of the huge monetary surpluses being accumulated by the oil producing countries, which threaten to anarchize the international monetary system and devastate the world economy. Six months ago, energy strategists talked of "recycling" the surpluses being accumulated by the oil producers—which meant investing them in Western corporations, lending large sums to banks, and so on—but there is a growing impression that this is largely impracticable.

The approach now adopted by the Ford Administration looks to the following possibilities. By linking food to oil, the Administration might be able to mobilize food-short nations for the purpose of bringing diplomatic pressure to bear on the oil producers. The oil producers might be persuaded to use some of their surplus funds to buy food from the U.S. and elsewhere for the food-short nations. Off in the middle distance, the Ford diplomacy offers the argument that in the economic disaster that can be projected, given present policy among the oil producers, they themselves would inevitably be severely damaged.

It is all pretty feeble and unconvincing. The response of the oil producing cartel to recent efforts to bring down the price of oil has been to raise the price still further, thus increasing the monetary surpluses and aggravating the economic crisis.

There is no guarantee that the oil producing cartel is motivated by economic considerations alone or even by essentially rational political ones. Even the quarrel with Israel may be marginal here. Were Israel to disappear, it does not look likely on present form that the oil weapon would also disappear. The oil producing states have emerged from centuries of somnolence and backwardness, they are flexing their muscles on a global stage, they are intensely religious—and Islam is a conquering faith—and they might be gratified by the crippling of advanced economies for reasons undreamed of by game planners and rational analysts.

We come, therefore, to the bottom line. Foreign Minister Jean Sauvagnargues of France, reflecting much Western European opinion, says that "the use of force would be utter folly." At this juncture, that might be true. Other unnamed spokesmen have said that an expeditionary force to seize key oil fields would be too difficult a logistical operation and too expensive to maintain; and, further, that oil fields thus seized would be vulnerable to sabotage. Both of these points are almost certainly incorrect. If the use of force becomes necessary, a "value added" ethical case could easily be made for it. The oil in the ground is virtually worthless, and has lain there for millennia. What value it possesses has been added by the existence of advanced technology.

For the present, certainly, diplomatic pressure, and such economic pressures as are available, should be employed to bring the price of oil down and to assure an adequate supply. But, again, at the bottom line, if the advanced countries of the world allow a small cartel of oil producing states to bring them down economically, then the judgment of history will be that this was the fate they deserved.

Conditional Clemency?

When President Ford first proposed "leniency" toward draft evaders and deserters, he evoked understandable resistance on the right, but applause from the left. Now that the details have been announced, the situation has rather changed.

There is no answer to the objection that Ford's proposals are unfair to men who obeyed the law and served in the armed forces during the Vietnam War. Some of them were killed or wounded, of course, and many of those who served were not necessarily enthusiastic about the war or about the way it was being fought. Some who served were opposed to the war, but decided, on balance, to obey legitimate authority. In every war the U.S. has fought, men who opposed the war have nevertheless

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chosen to serve; the war might be wrong in their eyes, but the country and its laws were right.

But if it is possible to set that objection aside for the moment—recognizing that for some the objection is definitive—Ford's plan has many virtues. First of all, it has the effect of splitting the present outlaw constituency into several segments, some of them more assimilable to American society than others.

As in every war, the Vietnam War produced a group who for no very highminded reason were unwilling to serve. Often enough, they offered highminded reasons for what was basically some mixture of cowardice, lethargy, love of comfort, and so on. The Mekong Delta is not a tourist spot. Individuals of that sort are not heroic or especially admirable, but they certainly have their counterparts within the society who for one reason or other did not have to confront the draft board. They are hardly a threat to the society. Many or most of them, unless at ease in Stockholm or Toronto, will jump at Ford's plan, spend fewer rather than more months in alternative service, and disappear into the woodwork.

Another group, genuinely opposed to the war on principled grounds, but unable for one reason or another to gain legal status as conscientious objectors, will also mostly welcome Ford's plan. If legal conscientious objectors normally perform alternative service, why should illegal ones object to doing so?

A major strength of Ford's plan, however, is that it separates from these assimilable groups the militants and radicals who used the war as the occasion for a *political* rejection of American society. Acquaintance with the exile and underground press abroad indicates that this is a fairly substantial group. These militants and radicals do not think that the war was a mistake; they consider it a direct reflection of the malevolence of American society. They regard the Vietcong as "legitimate" and, say, Lyndon Johnson as illegitimate. They do not want clemency but political vindication. As they have already made clear, they will not return under the terms of Ford's plan, however mild.

So there they will remain, mourned over by the liberal press here, a nuisance to Palme and Trudeau. Though it is not fair to those who served, often at great cost, the Ford plan is also a skillful piece of surgery.

"How can we sleep safe in our beds at night knowing that Nixon is free to roam the streets?"

Inflation: Who Loses?

A subtle but important point went unnoticed in the controversy over Alan Greenspan's impolitic remark that stockbrokers are hurt most, percentage-wise, by inflation. The point is that there has recently been a total flip-flop in the liberal line on who is hurt by inflation. As recently as May, Edwin Dale could rightly report, in the *New York Times*, that "conservatives tend to argue that the poor are among the chief victims of inflation, while liberals say that inflation . . . is likely to be far less damaging to the poor than increased unemployment." By August, Thomas Mullaney had, in the same journal, revised the doctrine to read that inflation is "the cruelest tax on every one of the 211 million American citizens" (not likely, since whoever pays a higher price for domestically produced goods is exactly matched by whoever receives that higher price). Now, the prevailing doctrine is that the poor are hurt most—despite, for example, the expansion of food stamp coverage from 4.3 to 12.9 million participants in the past four years.

For years, it was standard doctrine among liberal economists that inflation somehow gives unskilled workers a job (probably by reducing real wages, and diluting minimum wage laws), that it helps debtors (assumed to be poor), and that it affects luxuries more than necessities. In 1952, Sumner Slichter flatly decreed that "maintenance of a stable price level would require the acceptance of chronic unemployment." This was later formalized by Professor A. W. Phillips of London, who heroically postulated a stable relationship between the rate of inflation and the percentage unemployed. In 1965, James Tobin of Yale argued, in *Daedalus*, that inflation was a small price to pay for improving the employment situation for low-income black families. In 1972, Professors Robinson Hollister and John Palmer received an OEO grant to demonstrate that "the relative position of the poor seems to improve during inflationary periods."

Fortunately, George Bach of Stanford resolved the dispute between last year's and this year's liberal doctrine. Bach's theory, supported with ample data in a recent issue of *Challenge*, is that an expected inflation doesn't shift income much, because interest rates and wages adjust to compensate. The 1973 inflation, however, caught many by surprise, so that wages temporarily lagged behind prices and lenders were repaid with shrunken dollars. It turns out that households are net creditors and government the largest debtor, so that "inflation has apparently caused a massive transfer of wealth from households to the Federal Government."

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The erosion of the value of monetary assets has, according to Bach's figures, been most damaging, to "the very poor and very rich," both of whom have relatively few debts and keep their wealth in liquid form. Wealth has also shifted from elderly creditors to young debt-ridden families, who may nonetheless have higher incomes. Transfer payments, such as welfare and Social Security, have consistently kept ahead of inflation, and enjoyed an enlarged share of national income. Corporate profits have lagged considerably, except in the past year or so.

Such elaborate evidence as Bach presents will, it may safely be assumed, be ignored by those who wish to claim special hardship for one group or another as an excuse for more of the government spending and money creation that got us where we are today.

Sick Man of Europe

For years the economic indices in England have all pointed to the dark at the end of the tunnel: declining productivity, huge balance of payments deficits, accelerating inflation. In recent weeks, even the most sober commentators have begun to say publicly that a convulsion may be in prospect for the British political and social system. A leading Soviet theoretician, moreover, candidate Politburo member Boris Ponomarev, has in his recent writings been including Britain among those nations in which the "crisis of capitalism" has undergone a quantum change, and which present new "revolutionary possibilities." A few items:

1. None of the political parties has proposed a plausible way out of the impasse, and the forthcoming election promises to be a charade. The Tory administration of Edward Heath lost its political and economic struggle with the large labor unions, many of them under radical leadership. The successor Labor government has offered little by way of an alternative. Its soak-the-rich and nationalization schemes amount to the political equivalents of a nervous tic, and do not touch fundamental problems. In his relations with the unions, moreover, Harold Wilson is in the position of a man leading a tiger on a leash of tissue paper: no one doubts that the unions, showing restraint now for tactical reasons, will demand huge raises after the forthcoming elections. Increased support for the Liberal Party merely reflects disillusionment with the traditional parties, since Liberal leader Jeremy Thorpe has little new to offer beyond a pleasing and slightly unorthodox personality.

2. Writing in clear breach of military regulations last week, and concealing his identity under the pseudonym "Andrew Sefton," a British army officer published an article asserting that under some circumstances the army would not obey orders. He cited the incident of last May, in which the army in Ulster, ordered to break the strike of Protestant workers, delayed several days and then did next to nothing. "For the first time, the army decided that it was right, that it knew best, and the politicians had better toe the line. The consequences of this are yet to be fully appreciated. The army has shown that it is not prepared to act under certain circumstances, it has shown a considerable distrust of Socialist politicians, and it has (privately) shown its contempt for the new pay deal. It has emerged, in fact, as a force that has to be reckoned with in political circles." In Ulster, the article went on, the army "was getting closer to the grass roots of the routine of actually running a country than it has ever before in its history." ("Mr. Sefton" here forgets the 1649-58 period under Oliver Cromwell.) He concludes that "there is a point beyond which even the army will not go. Where that point lies is a matter for speculation, but its location in terms of the Ulster situation has at last emerged." The unresolved and perhaps unresolvable colonial situation in Ulster thus could provide a British version of Algeria and Angola-Mozambique.

3. Mr. Enoch Powell, former MP for the English borough of Wolverhampton, has now translated himself to Northern Ireland, and will be returned to the House of Commons as the Unionist Party (Protestant) candidate for South Down. Under circumstances not difficult to foresee, Powell could be a formidable and unpredictable political force.

4. Anticipating an attempt by the labor unions to bring the country to its knees, citizens throughout England have been organizing voluntary groups to keep essential services functioning. One leader here is General Sir Walter Walker, who until two years ago was NATO Commander in Chief for Northern Europe. His program is called "Civil Assistance" and is said to include some 100,000 people ready to use their skills to provide minimum electrical supplies, transportation, and so on. A second effort, called GB 75, has been started by another officer with a distinguished military record, Colonel David Stirling. It too is engaged in assembling local teams to resist total economic paralysis from militant union action. So far neither of these groups is paramilitary in character; there are no uniforms and no insignia; but in the event of the envisioned "strike breaking" activities, violent confrontations with the unions are certainly conceivable.

5. During the past year, groupings on both the extreme left and the extreme right have increased in num-

Crystal Balling

I see a task force on the sea
Approaching ancient Araby.
The flagship flies the stars and stripes,
While in the press room, leftwing gripes
Assail the air as sailors toil
To lay their hands on Arab oil.
Whichever sheikdom gets the works,
Let's do it quickly like the Turks.

W. H. VON DREELE

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ber and visibility. On the extreme right, the National Front has been able to put several thousand marchers into the streets of London; Communists, Maoists, and other leftists have clashed violently with the police and, recently, produced one martyr. The revolutionary left has growing clout on the campus. Increasingly militant Welsh and Scottish nationalists add to the impression of political disintegration.

At this juncture, though the future is extremely murky, England appears to present a "classic case" of the terminal democratic disease: large and militant labor unions, with no countervailing power ranged against them under the present system; plus political bankruptcy; plus radicalization of the youth; plus economic chaos.

The Chile Connection

The current flap in this country over CIA operations in Chile is not an isolated incident. In global perspective, it appears, rather, as the U.S. contribution to an international pageant coinciding with the first anniversary of the overthrow of the Allende government by the military Junta.

The Left had a big stake in Allende. Chile's Communist Party was the largest in Latin America, and has always remained faithful to the Kremlin. For the Soviet Union and for the Chilean Party, the Allende regime promised to be the highroad to the first Communist state on the Latin American continent. The non-Communist Left was no less closely involved with Allende, though as usual it saw Chile through its rose-tinted glasses. Allende was going to show the world how to achieve "democratic socialism" peacefully. The Junta's takeover thus struck a devastating blow at the strategy of the Communists and at the illusions of the non-Communist Left. Both, ever since, have been trying to re-form and counterattack.

In Europe the Left's propaganda and mass actions on the Chile issue have been more conspicuous than in this country. There are all sorts of committees to save the victims of the Junta, restore democracy to Chile, help the Chilean refugees, and so on. In the U.S. as well as in Europe, there has been an enormous quantity of articles, columns, and editorials expended on the crimes of the Junta and the virtues of Allende. On the September 15 anniversary, 10,000 leftists gathered in London's Trafalgar Square to denounce the Junta and the U.S. as its Svengali, and many thousands marched and made speeches in the other European capitals. And at just about the same time, Representative Michael Harrington leaked the secret Colby testimony about the CIA in Chile, the *New York Times* and the *Washigton Post* published it for the world audience, the U.S. Congress developed an attack of hysteria on the subject, and the UN critics and enemies of the U.S. prepared to make the General Assembly resound with Chilean echoes.

What is going on, thus, is a powerful global political warfare campaign, directed nominally against the Chilean Junta but basically against the U.S., in which Moscow, the Communist parties, and some sections of the Left are conscious participants, and the rest of the Left, many liberals, much of the media, and too many members of Congress are sincere or opportunistic dupes.

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Do you have something that marketing boards and ministers of agriculture are not protecting the consumer from?"

We do not mean to suggest that there are not serious issues involved in this dispute, concerning which intelligent Americans can have honest and objective differences of opinion. There are many such: Can and should a democracy conduct secret operations? Is the CIA the right sort of agency to conduct them? *Can* operations be kept secret in a democracy? Granted the propriety of secret operations in the abstract, were those conducted in Chile justified? How can a democratic society supervise secret operations without blowing them? We have discussed these questions in the past and shall often return to them. But in this world we live in, it is always also prudent to note who is doing what to whom.

Justice Winged

The Wounded Knee trial is over and the Indians, or rather their attorneys William Kunstler and Mark Lane, won it. Or, as the attorneys put it, the government lawyers lost it, committing errors in their attempts to match wits with the defense. Kunstler and Lane described their strategy, which was essentially to put the government on trial and not to allow the government to try the defendants. They said that hardly a prosecutor in the U.S. knows how to win a "political" trial against an efficient defense. After the trial the 33-year-old prosecutor R. D. Hurd said bitterly that he expected in ten years to be a better trial lawyer than Kunstler. Hurd was selected last month by the Justice Department as one of the outstanding young Assistant U.S. Attorneys in the na-

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tion, but the judge, Fred J. Nichol, was not impressed with his performance, lamenting at the conclusion of the eight-month trial that the government had not been better represented. But the judge's own judgment—he dismissed the charges against the defendants—may be questioned. Notwithstanding that he deemed it necessary to send Kunstler and Lane to jail for a night during the trial on account of their behavior, he remarked to Kunstler when the trial was over that he couldn't understand how Kunstler had gotten the reputation of being a disruptive trial lawyer. Nichol denounced the Justice Department for misconduct, instructed Hurd that "the duty of a prosecutor is to seek justice, not a conviction" (and that of a defense lawyer to seek justice, not acquittal?) and revealed his own bias in favor of method over result (seeking justice not the truth?) in a reference to the defendants "whether or not they are gulity."

Nichol's dismissal of the charges was reminiscent of the dismissal of the Ellsberg case on grounds that seemed to many to have less to do with the appropriate legal considerations than with the personal embarrassment suffered by the judge, Matthew Byrne, in connection with the offer to him of the top position of the FBI. U.S. Attorney General Saxbe has ordered an investigation of the Wounded Knee trial and the other so-called political trials, cases which the government has shown extraordinary consistency in losing. Saxbe's investigators should not omit the judges.

A Summit Bonus

An encouraging development at the last pre-summit meeting of economists was the 21 to 2 vote in favor of repealing laws and regulations that impede competition and efficiency. Among 22 such candidates for repeal were restrictions on what trucks may haul and what routes they may take, import restrictions, and destruction of produce and milk to keep the price up. Hendrik Houthakker of Harvard, who was not present, has an even broader list of 45 such restrictions, including devices to keep the unemployed out of union-controlled occupations.

The dissenting votes on this issue were cast by Nat Goldfinger of the AFL-CIO, who was simply representing the short-run interests of his constituents, and by John Kenneth Galbraith. In his latest book, Galbraith argues, in effect, that government restrictions of the sort considered should be greatly extended. At the conference, however, he merely said that deregulation was "irrelevant to the problem of inflation." In the long run Galbraith is right, if he was referring to a "solution" of the problem of inflation. The conference proposals are designed to reduce, once and for all, the relative levels of certain prices, not the rate of increase in the average of all prices. But this would nonetheless provide welcome relief, adding billions of dollars to the purchasing power of consumers' dollars.

The author of the deregulation list, Thomas Gale Moore, emphasizes that any such proposals must be considered as a package. In that way, the general interest in an omnibus bill has a chance of outweighing special interests in its specific components. In other words, one group might agree to give up its subsidy, cartel, or tariff if others have to do the same. Such government favors are now so universal that the mixed economy has become a system of mutual theft. Labor and capital that could be used to create wealth is instead diverted into influencing political decisions about how to slice up a shrinking pie.

When economists who agree on little else can agree that the nation should move toward laissez-faire, the winds of change must be blowing in the right direction.

Notes & Asides

■ *Excerpts from* THE PHOENIX, *Boston, Mass., June 4, 1974:* "The May issue of their [the John Birch Society's] magazine, *American Opinion*, contains a complicated article on conspiracy, 'The Presidency and Political Assassination,' by Medford Evans. (Evans is William F. Buckley Jr.'s brother-in-law, but that is another story.)"

Gentlemen:

Medford Evans is not Mr. Buckley's brother-in-law, but that is yet *another* story. —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

It had to happen. In the August 30 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, my admirable and admired friend Ernest van den Haag writes that the President is "the most important single person in the government." As my prose mentor, could you tell me what "single" is doing in that construction? I am asking you rather than Ernest because I heard you use a similar phrase last week on *Firing Line*. Is there anything "the single most sycophantic piece of prose" conveys which "the most sycophantic piece of prose" doesn't? *Et tu, Brute*?

Allow me to explain my surexcitation. For some time now, I've been waging a lonely crusade against the adverb *single*. More precisely, against chic super-superlatives of the type "the single most beautiful . . ." which have invaded the English language during the last two or three years and now threaten to supplant good, old, plain "the most beautiful. . . ."

I suspect it all started the day a nervous PhD candidate thought of writing something like "Lenin was the greatest influence in the emergence of world Communism," when such impersonal factors as the proletariat, the Zeitgeist, or the Eastern establishment came to

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mind, the collective influence of which may have been even greater. To guard against pedantic rejoinders ("How about the proletariat?"), he reduced Lenin to "the *single* greatest influence." From such logically justified but practically unnecessary uses (unless the writer assumes that the reader is a hopeless idiot who cannot be trusted to make an adjustment which goes without saying by himself), the construction spread like wildfire. Originally used in the restrictive sense, "single" came to be felt as a reinforcer, whence the emphatic super-superlatives: "the single most sychophantic piece of prose" is supposed to be stronger than "the most sycophantic piece of prose." It isn't.

I need your help. The English language needs it. Will you join my crusade? Together, *écrasons l'infâme*!

Affectueusement,
Alphonse Juilland
Department of French and Italian
Stanford University

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I read with interest and amusement your column on sexism, and I thought I'd pass along an anecdote. Several years ago we published a collection of pieces on the state of contemporary biological knowledge, sponsored by the National Academy of Sciences. We had a marvelous response from the scientific community, and the book proved to be very useful to university students. Last week we received a note from a female academic at a prestigious university in the Midwest. She said that she could never assign this book—there was no indication that she ever opened it—because of the sexist title: *Biology and the Future of Man*. I leave it to you to pray for the poor beleaguered students who must suffer at the hands of ideologues. Best regards,

John W. Wright
Editor
College Department
Oxford University Press

Dear Mr. Wright: Why can't you pray along with me?
Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I wish to apologize, through you, for being curt to the point of rudeness to NATIONAL REVIEW's Mr. Casey (I am not sure of the spelling) of Washington, D.C.

Earlier this busy holiday Sunday afternoon, he called me, apparently to suggest I renew a lapsed subscription; he never got the chance.

He was informed that he'd taken me from a shower to answer his call, and that the shower was, at the moment, a heluva lot more important to me than NATIONAL REVIEW. This was not literally true; when he called, I was just about to enter the shower.

In the event I do again subscribe, please honor a note that will be with my check, crediting the renewal—or, if more correct, new subscription—to Mr. Casey. I know he is only doing his job, and from the brief moment we talked, he is doing it excellently.

Thank you for your trouble in this.

Sincerely,
Phil Jordan
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Mr. Jordan: You are kind to write. Mr. Casey will be relieved. From now on, he will call only between showers. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I find it odd that you have failed to quote in NATIONAL REVIEW a passage uniquely useful, though it was written 15 years ago, about Richard Nixon. You have very little excuse, inasmuch as it was written to you, by Whittaker Chambers, and published in the book, *Odyssey of a Friend*. . . .

F.B.
New York

"Some words to update our telephone conversation about Mr. Nixon. My rule is never to mention to anyone my contacts with him. I'm going to break it this once, for a reason, but I wish you not to mention what I shall say. Not long ago, I had lunch with him. He asked us down on Sunday, and we had a long talk. What was said? Except for two minor points, I could not say. I came away with a most unhappy feeling, neither the reason for, nor the exact nature of which, I have been able to explain to myself. I suppose the sum of it was: we have really nothing to say to each other. While we talked, I felt crushed by the sense of the awful burden he was inviting in the office he wants. I felt dismay and a gnawing pity, which is pointless and presumptuous, since he seeks the office. He is asking to assume the first post of danger at the moment of the most fearful and (at least) semi-final stages of the transition from the older age to the new. If he were a great, vital man, bursting with energy, ideas (however malapropos), sweeping grasp of the crisis, and (even) intolerant convictions, I think I should have felt: yes, he must have it, he must enact his fate, and ours. I did not have this feeling (I believe Ralph has it). So I came away with unhappiness for him, for all. Of course, no such man as I have suggested now exists? Apparently not. Mr. Nixon may do wonders; he may astonish us (and himself), a new *stupor mundi*. Then I shall have proved the man who, privileged to see the future close up, was purblind. I hope so. I hope, too, that he gets his chance, since that is his wish. But I could not help wondering too: suppose he misses it? I cannot imagine what such a defeat will do to him. Yet I cannot bring myself to believe that his victory is in the bag. In short: I believe he is the best there is; I am not sure that is enough, the odds being so great.

As always,
Whittaker"
—WFB

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Spring in Their Steps

THE DAY Senator Edward Kennedy announced his "firm, final, and unconditional" decision not to seek the Presidency in 1976, a newsman asked Mr. Ford if he had a comment on the Senator's announcement. Mr. Ford said nothing. He shook his head. Then he smiled broadly. In 25 months we will know at least a little more about whether Mr. Ford's political judgment was sound when he evidently decided, smiling, that he will be better off running against someone other than Mr. Kennedy. But at this point—two years from the election, which is an eternity in American politics these days—it doesn't make much sense to worry about who the Democrats will cough up as a candidate. The important point today, as usual, is that candidates rarely win the Presidency; other candidates lose it.

Americans vote against. And there may be plenty of things about Mr. Ford that people will want to vote against in 1976. Mr. Ford's performance in the two weeks that began with his pardon for Mr. Nixon caused serious concern among his many supporters in this town, and put a spring in the step of the many Democratic presidential candidates.

Obviously the pardon, whatever else you may say about it, was ill-timed. Some of Mr. Ford's senior aides are letting reporter friends know that they thought so from the start. (President Kennedy acquainted the nation with this nice axiom: "Success has a thousand fathers, but failure is an orphan." He said that after the Bay of Pigs adventure had marred his Administration's first months. He was aware that some members of his Administration were telling friendly reporters that they had really opposed the Cuban invasion.) Mr. Ford knows he has had his Bay of Pigs. At his most recent press conference he admitted that he was startled by the intensity of the public reaction against his pardon decision. (This admission was to his credit, and it was startling, given the unwillingness of recent Presidents to admit that there is anything in the world that catches them by surprise. Speaking of splendidly startling candor, the White House, when asked, acknowledged, without beating around the bush, that the telephone calls, telegrams, and letters were running heavily against Mr. Ford's decision. The previous White House would have lied about it, or would have illegally used leftover campaign funds to finance an avalanche of phony telegrams and newspaper ads supporting the decision. The more things change, the more they do not remain the same.) It is now clear (actually, it was clear even before Mr. Ford acted) that the American people wanted to make a sensible distinction between prosecution and punishment. They favored the former, opposed the latter. But they would have gone along with anything Mr. Ford wanted to do if he had just prepared the ground a bit before he went ahead.

Instead, two weeks before what he did, he seemed to tell a press conference that he would not do it. This raised dark suspicions about a deal having been struck with Mr. Nixon. I do not credit those rumors. I believe Mr. Ford acted impulsively, with compassion but without good judgment, to do what his conscience told him to do. But Mr. Ford is not paid to see that his conscience is faithfully executed. And his judgment, including his political judgment, is the big question mark troubling the nation as it watches its first selected, not elected, President.

AND THEN came those remarks about Chile, and the CIA's covert operations therein. The remarks came at a press conference called to allow Mr. Ford to comment on the pardon decision. The press conference certainly helped eclipse the pardon controversy. Mr. Ford needlessly did with the question of Chile what he did with the matter of Rhodesian chrome: he put himself squarely in the middle of a hot dispute. If Mr. Ford felt that, as President, he could not support, as he did when in Congress, opposition to the UN sanctions against importation of Rhodesian chrome, he at least could have bucked the matter over to the State Department, which would have taken the heat. Similarly, once the report about CIA involvement in Chile leaked to the press, Mr. Ford could have just said that the whole matter was the business of the last Administration, and he would "study" the general subject, etc. Instead, he gave a flawed description of what the CIA did in Chile, and wrapped himself in the principle that covert operations are a distasteful necessity in this troubled world, etc. That principle may be sound, but, now that it has been given a presidential pat on the head, it will be the subject of a noisy Senate examination. So brace yourself for a wallow in Chilegate.

WHEN the Chile story began to break, it became apparent that those who are going to be most unhappy about it—e.g., the liberal senators on the Foreign Relations Committee and kindred spirits in the intelligentsia—would be the persons who have provided the most adoring and uncritical support for Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's vision of detente with the Soviet Union. Mr. Kissinger's position has become increasingly uncomfortable during the last 12 months, what with the Mideast war, the general ugliness of the Soviet government's deeds at home and abroad, and all that disagreeable talk about Mr. Kissinger's having some disreputable connection with the wiretapping of his friends and staff. Now comes word that he had some connection with the CIA's Chilean enterprises. And with it comes more of what Mr. Kissinger will not sit still for—criticism. So, suddenly, Mr. Ford is at the UN, departing from his text and the subject (the world food shortage) to announce his unswerving devotion to Mr. Kissinger. As he spoke the soothing words, the television cameras swung to Mr. Kissinger, who looked as content as you, too, would look if you could receive, on demand, such endorsement from the President of the United States. As for the President, he just looked easily put upon. □

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Out of the Barrel of a Gun

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

TURKEY'S MILITARY FORCE on Cyprus is overwhelmingly superior to any other military force on the island. The population of Turkey is four times that of Greece, and their comparative total military strengths are in about the same ratio. Neither the United States nor any other nation, Western or Communist, proposes direct military intervention in Cyprus, Turkey, or Greece. These are the controlling realities from which any estimate of the Cyprus situation must start.

There are other than military realities. Greece, Turkey, and Cyprus do not occupy a sealed off planet. They must take into account not merely the local military balance but their own diverse needs, desires, hopes, and fears in relation to the nations around them, and to their international commitments.

This necessity permits some hope that the troubles provoked by the anti-Makarios coup might be, not solved—since even the terms of a permanent solution are almost impossible to formulate—but tranquilized. The diplomacy of the major West European governments, as of the United States, is working actively and on the whole tactfully to that purpose. Even a temporary cooling off would give a chance to repair the damage to NATO and to the relations between the Western nations and the three embroiled states.

Limits of Diplomacy

Since Greece (along with the Greek Cypriots) has lost this round, and lost it in a humiliating manner, it is Greece that requires and is getting the most attention. Everyone sings the praise of the new Greek government, but with Washington in the Greek doghouse for the moment, it is Bonn that announces a big credit to Athens, France that offers jet fighters, and the European Economic Community instead of the U.S. Export-Import Bank that discusses an $800-million development program with Karamanlis. Meanwhile Washington keeps quiet, the old ambassador slips out of Athens, and the U.S. ships, sailors, and airmen based in Greece try to stay invisible.

Though the local power balance, then, is not the only operative factor, it would be an error to suppose that diplomatic therapy, trade deals, and UN palaver can do more than moderate its influence. Since the Turks won this round, the political result is going to reflect their victory, and will not be pleasing to the Greeks or the Greek Cypriots, who lost.

During the 700 years since the Turks reached the eastern Mediterranean littoral, there have been many precedents in their history for their present-day Cyprus problem. In fact, there are two rather close analogies in the history of the modern Republic of Turkey that Mustafa Kemal Ataturk created out of the ruins of the Ottoman Empire.

In the preliminary settlement after World War I, Greece was assigned rule over a sizable region of western Anatolia in which many of the inhabitants were ethnic Greeks. A Greek army went in and based itself on the major Aegean port, Smyrna. But in 1922 Kemal won a crushing victory over the Greek army. In 1923 the Treaty of Lausanne recognized Turkish sovereignty over all Anatolia. The problem of relations between the Greek and Turkish ethnic communities was solved by a massive exchange of populations: more than a million Greeks of western Anatolia were shipped to Greek national territory, and hundreds of thousands of Turks living in Greek Thrace and Macedonia were shipped to Anatolia. Smyrna was renamed Izmir.

There are closer parallels with the Hatay affair in the 1930s. Hatay is a district just south of Anatolia along the Mediterranean coast. Its principal city was the port of Alexandretta. The World War I settlement had included Hatay in France's Syrian mandate. Like all the region, it had been part of the Ottoman Empire. Its population when France took it over included about the same proportion of Turks as in Cyprus today.

Kemal set his course to regain Hatay for the Republic. Turkish settlers were sent in. Successive census takings reclassified more and more inhabitants as Turks. (The blood of the peoples of the eastern Mediterranean is much intermingled. The Turks themselves enjoy stressing their Hittite component, thus pushing their presence back to 1500 B.C.) Pressures on the French, who were rather casual about their mandate, led in 1936 to a change of Hatay's status to nominal independence, under which regime the Turks rapidly expanded their numbers and power. In 1939 Hatay was made a Turkish province. Alexandretta was renamed Iskanderun.

Is It Likely?

Let us return to Cyprus. The Turkish army controls the northern 40 per cent of the island, in which are located the best of its land and other resources. In that zone three months ago there were 165,000 Greeks and 70,000 Turks. Today about 25,000 Greeks are left; 140,000 have fled south or are dead. Is it likely that 1) the Turks will let the zone revert to Greek-dominated rule? 2) the Turks will let the refugee Greeks return, or even half of them, and thereby reduce the Turks back into a minority, confronting a Greek majority that would become the sea in which Greek Cypriot guerrillas from sanctuaries south of the zone could swim? Even if all or most of the 60,000 Turkish Cypriots living south of the zone shift inside, it seems probable that the Turks will insist that the Greeks remain henceforth a minority.

Meanwhile it is reported that Turkish settlers are crossing from the mainland, and that Greek Cypriots are leaving for Greece. Is it inconceivable that a replay of the Hatay scenario of 1936 is taking place, and that a few years from now a federated or partitioned Cyprus will wake up one morning as—once more—a Turkish province?

Smyrna-become-Izmir is today the base of the U.S. 6th Tactical Air Force. Alexandretta-become-Iskenderun is a major supply base for the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Is it excluded that a few years from now a squadron of the Sixth Fleet will be operating from the harbor—the Turks are already upgrading it—of Kyrenia become whatever the new name will be? □

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SINO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

The United States' new policy toward Communist China has been not all good, not all bad, says the author. And not unaffected by Watergate. But can it survive a change in the Chinese leadership? Should it?

The Honeymoon That Wasn't

ROBERT S. ELEGANT

PRONOUNCING THE Sino-American honeymoon over is both a logical and a practical fallacy. The honeymoon never began since marriage diplomatic style, the exchange of ambassadors plenipotentiary, never took place. Instead, Washington and Peking entered into a *liaison de convenance*. They were impelled by obvious mutual benefits, and those benefits still flow. Certainly, the first fine careless euphoria that half intoxicated the American people has declined, while even the less susceptible Chinese have moderated their initial excessive expectations. But the liaison endures—though its emotional tone is less rapturous.

Even more than most liaisons, the liaison between Peking and Washington was strikingly unconventional from the beginning. It is difficult to think of any device, from the gift of concubines to poisoned pastries, which has *not* been employed in diplomatic (i.e., not overtly violent) relations between sovereign nations. But the public continuation of protracted secret negotiations by inviting an American ping-pong team to visit the Chinese capital *was* something new under the sun. It was also a diversionary device of the highest order to say, in effect, "Watch the hand with the plastic ball, not the missiles or the dollars!"

The hazy realities of the Sino-American relationship were further obscured by Richard Nixon's passion for the soaring hyperbole and Henry Kissinger's penchant for the sledgehammer nuance. A storm of rhetoric beclouded the essential issues as both men sought to make a great accomplishment appear transcendental. Moreover, foreboding thunder from the American Right and paeans of adulation from the American Left all but drowned out rational discussion of the quasi-alliance contracted when the Secretary of State made his most recent pilgrimage to the Imperial City of Chairman Mao Tse-tung in November 1973. The Chinese, for their part, compounded the confusion. Their secular theology compels them to praise one "correct road" that is inherently anti-American while they actually tread quite another—and, presumably, equally "correct"—road in substantial cooperation with the United States.

Mutual Advantage

Since the last visit of Richard Nixon's court magician to Peking, critical political struggles in both capitals have greatly altered the form of the Sino-American relationship, if not necessarily the spirit or the foundations. An international compact that was originally defined with intentional imprecision has become even more eccentric—and even more difficult to comprehend.

Still, as *Time* used to say, one thing is clear, if only, one might add, beside so much that is unclear. As Richard Nixon staggered ungracefully off the political stage, he could quite properly have paused, propped himself up on his crutches, and boasted of at least one major accomplishment. The most remarkable and heartening thing about the Sino-American rapprochement is the fact that it has, so far, worked to both sides' advantage. More than that, it has worked very well, within limits that have upon occasion proved surprisingly broad. We might, therefore, conclude that it will continue to work well—as long as we do not expect too much. Yet, the greatest accomplishments of the quasi-alliance may already be behind it.

Watergate on the one side and the internecine struggle for power within the Chinese Communist Party on the other have severely affected a relationship formalized almost three years ago by Nixon's own pilgrimage to Peking. The courtship was made possible by mutual recognition of a convergence of interests, but the compact was sealed by the personal affinity between Henry Kissinger and Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. The Chinese finally committed themselves to the United States because they believed that Henry Kissinger—and, almost as important, Richard Nixon—would determine the policies of the United States until 1976. The Americans were convinced that Chou

Mr. Elegant is the Los Angeles Times' *man in Hong Kong.*

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En-lai or successors who shared his pragmatic approach would direct the course of the People's Republic for some time to come. The latter conviction is today not quite as questionable as the former, but it is hardly rock solid.

A certain skepticism regarding the entire exercise is, therefore, not only desirable, but unavoidable. Only an impossible act of faith could quell all misgivings about a relationship both parties felt compelled to camouflage by excessive adornment.

Richard Nixon festooned it with hyperbolic curves of tinsel. "This is the week that changed the world," he announced after paying homage at the shrine of Chairman Mao; and his subsequent utterances were not notably more subdued. (In 1839, Lord Elgin, the man who stripped the Acropolis, was more candidly crass, but equally sanguine when he observed after a similar mission: "a new world was open to their [British] trade, so vast that all the mills in Lancashire could not make stocking stuff sufficient for one of its provinces . . . ")

Ambiguities

Henry Kissinger preferred to emphasize the infinitely subtle interplay of intellect and interest. He dealt with a culture which today finds the greatest beauty in the clash of glaring primary colors or in hyperrealistic statuettes of dedicated workers and death-defying soldiers. But he relied upon the delicate nuance, rather than precise expression —in part because he had no choice. Nonetheless, his inability to cite hard, substantial agreements has cast doubt upon the validity of the quasi-alliance.

What precisely did it mean when Chou En-lai and Henry Kissinger formally proclaimed in Peking on November 14, 1973 that neither China nor the United States "should seek hegemony in the Asia-Pacific region or any other part of the world, and each is opposed to the efforts by any other country or group of countries to establish such hegemony"? The implication was clearly that Washington and Peking would act in concert when their interests converged anywhere in the wide arena of international politics. But the Department of State's official gloss found it necessary to add: "The point was made by U.S. officials that the communiqué produced in Peking was intentionally subtle on many matters, including recognition, because it has been found more productive in negotiating with the Chinese to establish a principle first and then to work out details. . . . The genius of the two sides' approach has been ever since that they do not try to spell everything out; and, for this reason, Secretary Kissinger did not on his last visit try to explore every detail that the Chinese Premier had in mind." Certainly neither the further "normalization" of relations nor the expansion of the function of the liaison missions in Washington and Peking has occurred, though both intentions were explicitly stated.

Senator Henry Jackson's rhetoric is refreshingly less extravagant than Nixon's and less convoluted than Kissinger's. But Jackson found in the quasi-alliance—and in the Chinese themselves —virtues that evade many other observers. "To the Chinese," the Senator said, "one's word of honor is more important than formal agreements on paper, and they profoundly distrust the Soviet Union for failing to act with integrity. . . . They [the Chinese] value the frankness with which Americans have spoken with them." Jackson thus restated the bemused discovery of early Sinophiles and missionaries that "the lightest word of a Chinese gentleman is his bond." He somehow overlooked an even more obtrusive fact. A people whose traditional admiration of deceitful stratagems makes Machiavelli read like the Boy Scout Oath are now encouraged to consider deceit in a good cause a preeminent virtue.

For its part, Peking has felt impelled to fling dung at a relationship it attained with so much effort. American visitors to China are treated as dupes who can be readily deceived, while American statesmen are scorned for their naive candor. The Chinese regularly denounce Soviet-American "collusion" to dominate the entire world, while condescendingly explaining—when they deign to explain—that the United States is less dangerous than the Soviet Union because the United States is in decline. The Chinese further explain that the American connection is a temporary affair, an "alliance of expediency with the more distant, weaker enemy against the nearer, more powerful enemy." For its own reasons, the Ministry of External Relations in Peking is compulsively fouling the nest it built so laboriously.

The language used by both sides has effectively concealed the actual accomplishments and benefits of a relationship that was launched experimentally some three years ago, reached its apogee nine months ago, and has now entered a wobbly and eccentric orbit. Excessive American expectations have obfuscated those accomplishments even more than have excessive American foreboding and Chinese pettifogging. Neither American nor Chinese interests have been served by the view expressed in both countries that the relationship was a temporary—even evanescent—tactical measure that could not endure fundamental ideological differences. Even less have those interests been served by those Americans who discerned in the quasi-alliance the beginning of a wholly new era in international politics, while simultaneously discovering in the People's Republic a nearly perfect social and moral order.

Definite mutual benefits, as well as certain disadvantages are, nonetheless, readily visible.

Substantial American disengagement from Vietnam was imperative because of the climate of American public opinion. Chinese pressure upon North Vietnam to compromise greatly helped make American disengagement possible under conditions by no means wholly satisfactory, but still far better than Hanoi had previously been prepared to accept. Chinese support for the insurgents throughout Indochina has declined—in part because of promises to the United States and in greater part because sponsoring the creation of a Hanoi-dominated bloc in Southeast Asia is not in China's national interest.

More Cautious Moscow

While receding from its global responsibilities, the United States still regularly faces provocative Soviet challenges. The quasi-alliance against Soviet power and expansionism has certainly made Moscow more cautious. The Chinese talk belligerently and negotiate obdurately because they feel, perhaps wrongly, that war with the Soviet Union is inevitable. Such Chinese behavior makes Moscow nervous, and it is certainly in the American interest to prevent Moscow's becoming complacent.

The economic advantages to the United States have been marked. Sino-American trade in 1973 totaled $753

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million, and the U.S. sold $689 million worth of goods to China while buying only $64 million. Those figures, incidentally, do not include substantial American components in sophisticated hardware sold to China by third countries. Total trade for 1974 is authoritatively projected at $1.2 billion, and the 11 to 1 ratio in favor of the U.S. will probably be the same as it was last year. Most significantly, the internal political struggle that became public a year ago has not discernibly affected China's ambitious plan to industrialize by buying complete major plants abroad. Some elements of stability, admittedly uneasy, lie behind the bitter name-calling and the extravagant maneuvers of Peking's contending factions.

Oil Potential

Trade obviously benefits a Chinese nation that is intent upon acquiring American technology, as well as the American foodstuffs that make up the bulk of her purchases. For the moment, the U.S. seems to benefit more in monetary terms. But nearly perfect symbiosis is discernible in the one economic area that also has the greatest political potential. China is sitting on vast oil reserves that nearly equal the Arabs' hoard, perhaps as much as 20 billion tons of crude, most of it under deep water off her shores. Only the U.S. possesses the technology and the applied engineering the Chinese need to tap those reserves. When China is exploiting her reserves substantially in about five years' time her production could radically alter the worldwide balance of power—primarily by making the Middle East less important in the complex equation.

The Chinese have also reaped more immediate political benefits. The American connection opened the way to membership in the United Nations and great expansion of Comunist China's diplomatic relations at the expense of the Chinese Nationalists. Peking is now exploiting its new prestige by asserting its leadership of the Third World. That strategy must inevitably bring the Chinese into conflict with the Americans on issues ranging from the law of the sea to terrorism. But it will intensify Sino-Soviet antagonism even more, and the greatest immediate value of the American qausi-alliance to Peking is America's serving as a counterweight to the Soviet threat. Because of the possibility of American involvement, Russia will hesitate once, twice, twenty times before launching the armed attack against which the Chinese are frantically preparing. A few years ago, advocates of an American preemptive strike on Chinese nuclear installations were deterred primarily because of fear of a Russian response. Today, the Russian hawks hesitate because they fear an American response if they take out China's nuclear sites.

That standoff benefits the U.S. greatly, since nuclear war between China and Russia would create a wholly new and largely incalculable international situation. Such conflict could upset the present delicate equilibrium of forces; and it could embroil the United States. Paradoxically, though hardly uniquely, Washington seeks to insure against involvement by casting its weight on the Chinese side—thus risking involvement. The strategy is, of course, illogical by strict definition, but it is rational in an illogical world.

The U.S. enjoys an additional advantage because of the pathological fear China and the Soviet Union inspire in each other. As long as the Russian threat looms large on their frontiers and enormous in their minds, Chinese actions will be restrained by fear of losing essential American support. In any event, the Chinese always talk tougher than they act. They coolly assess the limits of their international capability —and move a few feet short of those limits.

It is, of course, not pleasant for the U.S. to be committed to a quasi-ally whose idea of light diplomatic repartee is denouncing the U.S. as a spent force still bent on evil designs. Besides, the worldwide Sino-American cooperation envisioned in the November Communiqué has not become a significant force. Moreover, it is a truism worth restating that the Kissinger-Nixon foreign policy did not fix a new world order as did the Congress of Vienna, but created new—though perhaps less dangerous—dynamics and tensions. The Peking-Washington axis has, in a sense, not yet begun to function. It may do so now that Nixon has departed and Chou has temporarily faced down his domestic enemies.

Inherent Instability

Still, the most irritating aspect of the relationship is its inherent uncertainty. Watergate has been traumatic for the United States; and Watergate has aroused apprehension in China regarding the quasi-alliance, even among Chou En-lai's moderate faction. Nixon's eclipse has already weakened the Chinese Premier because Chou's spectacularly successful foreign policy was one of his greatest strengths—and Nixon, almost as much as Kissinger, embodied the American connection on which that policy rests. But Watergate has been a sideshow compared to the unending struggle for power in China. It appears that the moderate faction will prevail, and, further, that not even the "extreme leftists" would wantonly abandon a relationship which provides such positive advantages. But the power struggle is so virulent that it could lead to nationwide popular upheavals like those which wracked China during the Great

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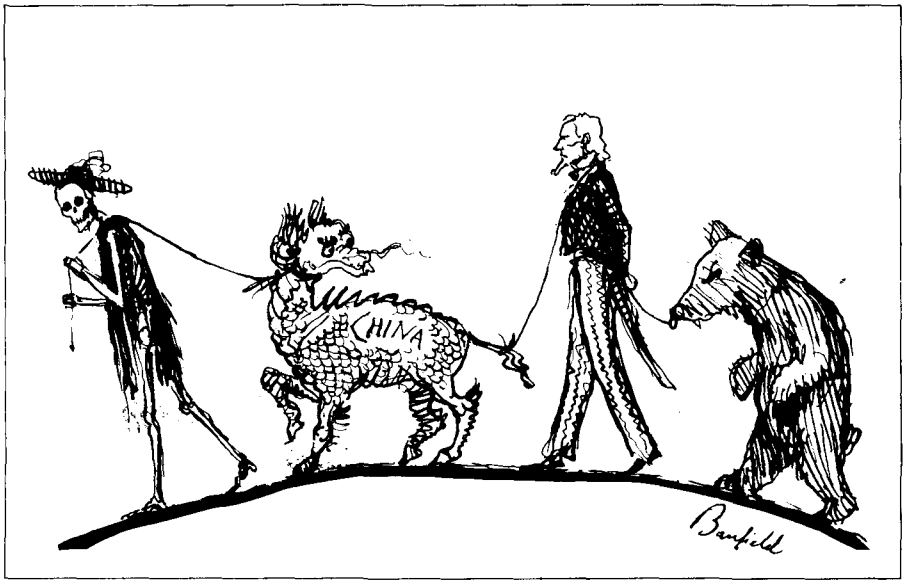

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APACHE COUNTY, U.S.A.

Paleface Lib!

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

A RECENT ISSUE of *Time* ran a one-page article concerning the Navajo Indian Movement whose message was that, despite prejudice, violence, and oppression, "the Navajos are slowly gaining a degree of prosperity and political power, and with it a renewed sense of pride." Whites figured in the story in almost entirely negative ways: the three teenagers who murdered several Indians; the callous paraders who provoked an Indian riot by dressing as cavalrymen; the obtuse councilman who speculated that the movement was the result of Communist agitation; the exploitative tavernkeepers who cash in on the Indians' weakness for liquor; and legions of "Indian haters." The moral was supplied ("firmly," in *Time*'s phrase) by an Indian leader: "The white people in the Southwest are going to have to get rid of their negative attitude and learn to accept us."

But there is another dimension to this matter, to which the *Time* story devoted only one glancing sentence: "Today the reservation is in effect a separate nation state, subject to neither state laws nor taxes." There are issues involved here beyond the one that solely interests *Time*, which reduces the whole thing to a contest between Navajos and bigots (*Time* is rooting for the Navajos). What is at stake is a large question that has never been resolved: namely, what is the status of the Indian in the United States? Put another way: is the reservation Indian an American citizen?

Take Apache County, Arizona. It is the longest county in the nation, extending along the northern half of the state's New Mexico border. More than half its territory lies within the great Navajo reservation, and three-quarters of its inhabitants are reservation Navajos. Until recently, these Navajos took little interest in extratribal politics. But as so often happens nowadays, a new activism has taken hold, and they have been enthusiastically registering and voting. And, as one might expect, they have moved to dominate county politics not only through sheer numerical superiority, but also by pressing for reapportionment according to the one man/one vote principle, thereby assuring Navajo control of the three-man county board of supervisors.

All this would seem to put the paleface minority at some disadvantage, but so what? Every minority is by definition at some disadvantage, politically and otherwise. To be blunt: minorities, as a rule, lose. Ah, but there's more.

The crux of the matter is that Indian reservations are not, in most respects, under state jurisdiction. The Federal Government, in fact, has long accorded to Indian reservations a quasinational status, subject to only a few qualifications, which are not germane to the situation in Apache County. Roughly speaking, American citizenship is *optional* for Indians. What is more, Indians may enjoy some of the benefits of citizenship—like voting—without being subject to certain burdens thereof.

LIKE PAYING taxes. Specifically, the Indians of Apache County are exempt from most state and local taxes, and would be *completely* exempt from any which their representatives would impose on the county at large, thus forcing the minority to shoulder the entire expense of county services.

Sounds crazy, eh? But mark this: Indians of the reservations are not subject to the normal civil and criminal processes of the state courts. The taxpaying minority would not only be unable to vote out of office one who taxed them excessively, but would in addition have no means of redress against malfeasance or nonfeasance. Even if a judgment of misbehavior were obtained, a doubtful supposition, it could probably not be enforced. This would be especially true of any act, even if grossly illegal (destroying county documents, say), committed on the reservation.

But how in tarnation . . .? Well, there are a couple of clues to this constitutional anomaly in the Fourteenth Amendment. The first section defines as citizens "all persons born or naturalized in the United States *and subject to the jurisdiction thereof*." The meaning of this phrase is clarified in the next section, which provides that congressional representation is to be based on "the whole number of persons in each state, *excluding Indians not taxed*." The rationale here seems to be the old American principle "no taxation without representation," and its converse; the pretty clear application being that since some Indians are not under the jurisdiction of the United States and hence not subject to taxation, those same Indians are not citizens and hence not entitled to representation—and, by an easy inference, not entitled to vote within the various jurisdictions of the United States. An historical oddity, to be sure, but there it is—specified in the very amendment which has been made, by its more strenuous interpreters, to cough up the one man/one vote principle the Apache County Navajos are now invoking.

Opponents of the new Navajo movement want Congress or the Supreme Court to rule one way or the other on the whole matter of Indian citizenship. (They would settle for splitting the county in half.) So far they have made little headway. The Arizona Supreme Court avoided the larger questions at stake in the case of an Indian candidate, confining its ruling to the narrower question whether he was eligible for county offices (it found that he was); the U.S. Supreme Court declined to review the matter. Members of the Arizona congressional delegation, though sympathetic to the taxpayers' cause, don't think it has much of a chance; no one takes seriously the argument that Apache County's "white" minority (it includes Negroes and Chicanos) is suffering the systematic violation of its rights.

The situation is truly mindboggling. Colonialism? Unlimited majority rule? With perhaps a weird admixture of executive privilege? An ironic reversal of American history—the wheel of fortune come full circle? Whatever it is, the second-class citizens of Apache County are not inclined merely to savor the paradoxes. Some of them are even talking of taking up arms. □

Mr. Sobran is an associate editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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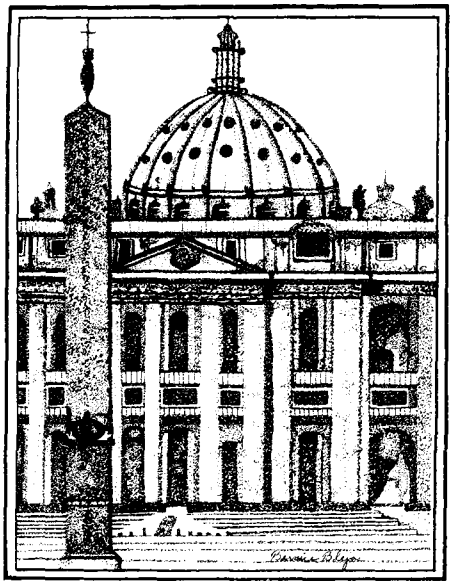

THE BISHOPS MEET

The meeting of the bishops in Rome this year may witness a bitter conflict between the modernists and the tradition-minded that will end in the beginning of a new era for the Jesuits

The Jesuit Confrontation

FARLEY CLINTON

PARIS LOVES scandals, and loves controversy; the intelligentsia of Paris produce more of these commodities than they are able to consume locally. Rome, that is, the Vatican, does not like them. "Peace and unity, according to Thy will" was once the ritual phrase of petition for the Church, in the familiar, post-Tridentine, Latin Mass, and peace and unity remain at Rome high on the list of priorities. Rome and Paris have seldom agreed on religious questions, but Paris has seldom had such grounds for wicked amusement as are offered by the shocking rumors surrounding the death of a French Jesuit cardinal. Rome is not amused at all. The sudden taking-off of His Eminence Jean Cardinal Danielou, of the Society of Jesus, is conceded to be a grim portent of some very uncomfortable events soon to occur within the Catholic Church.

The controversy in which Danielou was in one way or another involved throughout his life was something prior to, and actually far more charged with revolutionary potential than, even the scandal which it is said surrounds his death. That controversy was, in any case, coming to a violent boil this autumn, and the stakes are nothing less than the survival within the Church of the rich, glamorous, and once popular Jesuit Order to which he belonged. Danielou, a clever and competent man, aggressive, outspoken—exactly like one of those little French boys with an ineffably feline expression who delight in driving teachers crazy (do you remember Truffaut's *The 400 Blows*?)—had become an absolutely central figure in the pontificate of Pope Paul VI. He was as central as the Jesuits are—for he was supposed to be the link, and the agent of reconciliation, between the bishops of the world who are fundamentally conservative, and whose authority to teach and rule was emphasized by Vatican II, and the modernistic Jesuit circles which dominate the Catholic monastic and scholastic communities all over the world, especially in the United States and northwestern Europe.

FOR 35 or 40 years at the least, an intelligent and well educated Catholic (unless he was a convert) has almost always been a person who read books written by Jesuits, books with new ideas about a thousand and one different questions. Almost invariably, he or she had been taught by the Jesuits, and evidently had been charmed by them if this exposure to the "intellectual militia" of the Church strengthened the wish to keep on being a Catholic. Jesuit teachers are famous for either winning the firm loyalty of their pupils—but for *themselves*, not for the bishops—or provoking a violent reaction which drives their pupils out of the Church entirely. Pope Paul VI is himself an intelligent and well educated Catholic and conforms to this pattern, though his time in the schools of the Jesuits was comparatively brief.

John Cardinal Wright, an American to whom Paul VI gave the Red Hat chiefly in recognition of his obvious braininess, is an even more obvious example. Wright is the most diligent reader of books among the American bishops of his generation, though also the most catholic (with a small "c") reader, and he had a degree from the Jesuits' Boston College before setting foot in any seminary. He is consequently an unmistakable member of the tribe: he talks and thinks about the same things, and from much the same point of view, as the thousands of lawyers, teachers, businessmen, and, most importantly, journalists who have been turned out by the American Jesuit colleges and universities. Other Catholic bishops may be very intelligent men—it often happens, I think, that they are—but Wright has a peculiar polish recognizable to other Jesuit products. They can tell that Wright is clever, largely because of his verbal dexterity, while they cannot see the gifts of, or feel at ease with, the run of bishops. Cardinal Spellman, another man far smoother than his fellow prelates, had the same background—except that he went to Fordham, not to Boston College. The Jesuits are, so to speak, the little Brothers of the Rich. Their monopoly of Catholic higher education, especially in the United States, and their hold on the loyalties and affections of their old pupils can often open ten thousand well filled purses which other Catholic organizations cannot reach.

Pope Paul VI throughout his life has been an unusual figure among Catholic bishops precisely by reason of his intelligent sympathy with the Jesuits in

Mr. Clinton is a Catholic scholar who studied in Rome.

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Paris, perhaps especially with Danielou. Cardinal Danielou wrote articles on almost every subject for *Etudes*, a magazine edited by Jesuits at 15 rue Monsieur, Paris. This group of Jesuits was once described by no less a figure than Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the most fashionable of the Jesuit modernists, as the world center of "progressive" or modernist Catholicism. Like the fashionable Teilhard, Jean Danielou was a protégé of the enigmatic Leonce de Grandmaison, who was for many years the editor of *Etudes*, and apparently the father of the successful progressive movement among Catholics.

Pope Paul had a certain reputation before he became Pope as a politician, an intellectual, a reader of hundreds of up to date books in 15 languages. Yet in the flesh he hardly looks like that. His actions seem inconsistent with the reputation. He looks, well, like a parish priest, a pastor, a man occupied all his life in offering the Mass for some little flock, an intelligent man no doubt, but more obviously dedicated than extremely intelligent: hard-working, conscientious, disciplined, precise; a rather scrupulous follower of the laws and of his conscience, more than a chess player or a diplomat. But, as in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, the sharp civilized realistic face of Cardinal Danielou seemed to reflect that soul which (the newspapers assured us) lay behind the deeds, the interests, the career of Pope Paul. The infallible voice is, in fact, a very gentle voice and the Pope might as well have been the pastor of a Jesuit church in Denver. (The thousands of Jesuits who work in parishes rather than in schools are not like the professional academics; but only like ordinary priests, with a slight flavor of the Jesuit about them. It is not they we are discussing here.)

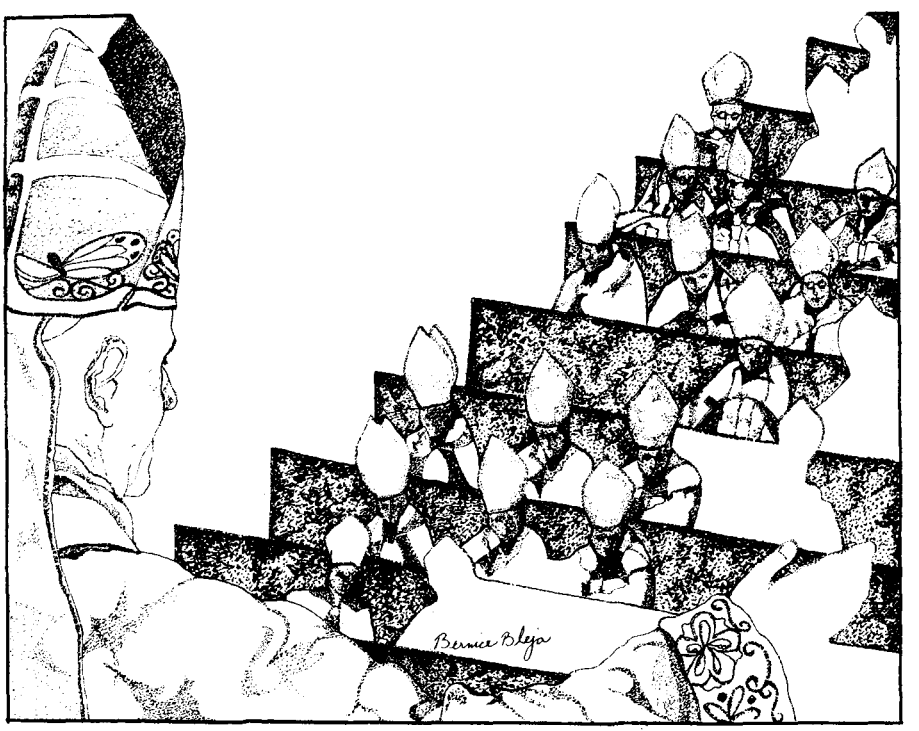
How different was Cardinal Danielou! He looked as if he had been drinking very black coffee for 15 years in a sidewalk café with Simone de Beauvoir. In a sense he had. He looked like a Left Bank film critic. Probably he was the only prelate in the Catholic world who could tell you what was good, and what was bad, about the films of Robert Bresson. He did not mind doing that. He excelled at it. He excelled at many things. Ordained in 1938, at the age of 33, he began to attract respectful attention throughout the ecclesiastical world in the 1940s with his magisterial studies of Origen and Saint Gregory of Nyssa.

Many suspected Danielou in these early years of not being quite Catholic, or quite consistent in his Catholicism. His studies of the early Greek Christian writers were an indirect result of, perhaps even a way of advertising, his dislike for the most orthodox of writers, Thomas Aquinas. Trained as he was by his patron Leonce de Grandmaison and the priests at *Etudes*, he was not likely to have developed any other attitude. By reason of his insistence on the work of the Holy Ghost—that is, the Divine Guidance of the Catholic Church in her teaching—and by his articulate zeal for missionary efforts, he diverged completely from the attitude of the most modernistic of the Jesuits, who frankly work to attribute a new sense, different from the traditional one, to dogmas proposed by the Church. But Danielou's critics rightly felt that his rejection of Thomism, which had been the basis of all approved seminary training in the Catholic world, indicated a sympathy with modernism. He was in fact extremely sympathetic to modernists, and it was ironic that he found himself in his last five years defending the college of bishops (and the Pope, of course) against the Dutch and Belgian churchmen who had given too warm a welcome, in his opinion, to the revolutionary ideas hatched at 15 rue Monsieur by his own friends and colleagues. In 1969 he was made a bishop, and a cardinal, apparently so that he might reply on the Pope's behalf to the Pope's critics.

The Synod of Bishops in 1969 was a turning point, as Danielou himself considered, in the warfare between traditional and progressive Catholics. That may have been due to his own presence there, his open challenges to the Archbishop of Brussels, Cardinal Suenens. But he himself thought that the reason for the paralysis and humiliation of Suenens was the outright rejection which the Belgian prelate received from the bishops from the Iron Curtain countries, led by Cardinal Wyszynski of Poland, and especially from the African bishops, an increasingly numerous group whose influence grows with each passing year.

If there is one respect in which Pope Paul seems to have found Danielou a helpful and farsighted adviser, and in which Danielou contributed at least indirectly to the strengthening of the Pope against the rebellious Jesuits, it is in the matter of nominating non-European bishops and cardinals.

The key to the current papal policy perhaps lies in an article that Danielou published in 1957, entitled "The Future of Patriotism," in which he analyzed the far-reaching transformations of international politics which the ruin of Europe, the decline of the British and



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French empires, had brought about. An obvious corollary to Danielou's unsentimental analysis is the unprecedented extension of the cardinalate, a kind of titular or symbolic participation in the papal authority, to a number of bishops from four or five continents and from islands lost in the vast Pacific.

THE ASTUTE Monsignor Montini, parched for intellectualism in the sacristy of Saint Peter's basilica, studied with the greatest seriousness such analyses as Danielou could provide of the new problems which confronted the Church. In some sense the Vatican hardly needed such advice. From 1850 onward the "non-Italian" cardinals began to outnumber the Italians, and in 1945 Pius XII, who had refused to promote anyone during World War II, celebrated the advent of peace with the naming of 32 cardinals, of whom 28 were non-Italians. Yet the great majority of these, and of the 55 cardinals whom John XXIII named before the opening of Vatican II, were white men, of European education. The most intelligent of these men—like Spellman or Wright or Montini (Paul VI), like Danielou or Suenens; that is, the churchmen trained in Europe in the 1920s or 1930s—had been thoroughly prepared for the acceptance of anything the Jesuits proposed by their own long association with teachers and scholars of that Order. The native priests, however, who received gospel and catechism as something entirely new, and who are offering them to worlds which experience them as something entirely new, generally feel little interest in the ambiguities or the doctrinal reforms smoothly advocated by the heirs of Leonce de Grandmaison and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin.

Pius XII gave the Red Hat, the prestige of official leadership within the Church, to the archbishops of Detroit, Toronto, and St. Louis, as well as of Paris, Brussels, and Utrecht. But, following out the ideas of Danielou, Paul VI extended these honors to the archbishops of Ouagadougou, Brazzaville, Nairobi, Tananarive, Colombo, Seoul, Cebu, Karachi, Osaka, Kinshasa, and Ernakulam. Political considerations, fortified by the traditional teaching that the Church must be "catholic," international, dictated these promotions. But they have already had and will in future have an important side effect in keeping the bishops as a whole firmly tied to all her old doctrines, the ones the missionaries believed when they set out for Africa or Oceania in the seventeenth, the eighteenth, the nineteenth centuries. Hilaire Belloc once said, "Europe is the Faith, the Faith is Europe," but in Rome today you make friends if you say, "Europe is modernism, modernism is Europe—and North America."

European modernism, essentially negative, has gathered to a greatness around the figure of Teilhard de Chardin, who wrote a hundred poetic essays denying the difference between the natural and the supernatural, Nature and "grace," the-natural-fulfillment-of-the-world and "God." Religion, for him, is an energy like other energies, arising from Mother Earth: an energy to be annexed and harnessed by modern European technology. This attitude has been more and more accepted, and has never been seriously opposed, among the monks and nuns of Detroit, Toronto, and St. Louis, Paris, Brussels, and Utrecht. The local modifications of Catholicism and these places during the last ten years—since Vatican II but, more importantly, since the immense success of Teilhardian conferences held each summer for nuns in the Middle West—have almost without exception been inspired by the Teilhardian attitude. The rejection of Latin, for example, is most earnestly supported by the priests (and, always, the nuns) who dislike any special solemnity in the services which suggests a "religious" attitude that sharply distinguishes religion from everyday life, the supernatural from the natural.

Teilhard de Chardin spent forty years polishing his writings; some of his hundred essays are rather long; they fill volumes—and yet (here, as we have seen, is what cuts him off completely from Danielou) careful students of his work, like the Jesuit Emile Rideau, have noticed that nowhere is there a single reference to "the Holy Ghost," the third Person of the Trinity, the One who makes holy. Not only liturgies but catechisms in the richer countries have been modified, or revolutionized, in line with this fundamental change of outlook proposed by the modernists, and the Roman condemnations of the new opinions are not conceded to carry any weight.

Teilhard de Chardin said in 1950 that when his ideas triumphed it would be by a general defiance of all the papal encyclicals. He was right. His works have been condemned officially on three occasions, in 1950, 1957, and 1962; Catholics were forbidden to touch them. They were denounced as overturning the very basis of Christian belief; Catholic bookstores and libraries were not allowed to carry them. No matter. His friends have the schools, the money, and the pupils, and they are unwilling to hear of a Jesuit's being condemned as heretical. His German supporter Karl Rahner, who has advocated similar ideas, has incurred official condemnation even more often (1943, 1950, 1965, 1972, 1973) without any effect—that is, any effect perceptible in Detroit, Toronto, St. Louis, Paris, Brussels, or Utrecht. But in Africa and the East, the nonwhite bishops and cardinals want to follow Rome and the old-fashioned bishops rather than the Jesuits.

ALL THESE discussions and conflicts, the revision of catechisms and the capping of cardinals, are more and more clearly tending to a crisis for Catholicism of catastrophic dimensions. Some well informed persons believe that, inevitably, the successor of Paul VI will suppress the Jesuit Order. "We're not worried about that happening any longer," says one well known cardinal's secretary. "We take it more or less for granted, and only wonder how much of the Church they will take with them when they go." Others feel the Order may be divided with the constructive, tradition-minded Jesuits going one way, the progressives another.

Danielou was a key figure in this struggle. Danielou was going to control, it was hoped, the centrifugal tendencies of the European Catholics guided by Teilhard and Rahner. In the next Synod of Bishops, scheduled for this autumn, and in the fateful general congregation of the Jesuit Order which will follow it—and at which Father Pedro Arrupe, the General of the Jesuits, is expected to resign, at the personal request of Pope Paul—Cardinal Danielou was expected to play a significant role, even if behind the scenes. Now, quite suddenly, he is dead—and it is alleged in the Parisian newspapers that he died at the apartment of his mistress, a young woman from the theatrical world whom he was known to visit.

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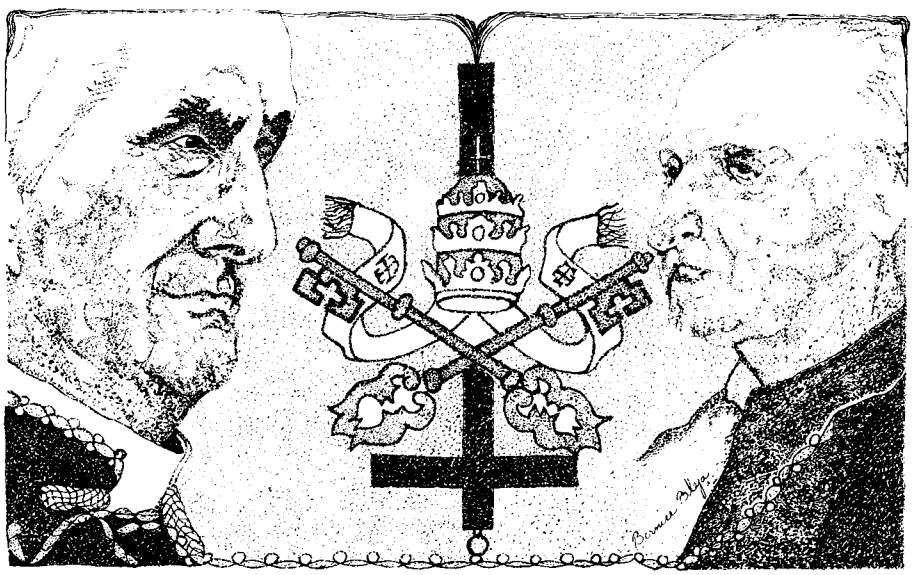
Already it seems that Danielou's career closed on almost too many notes of irony. He was buried in the presence of his two foremost opponents (apart from Cardinal Suenens). One is Cardinal Marty of Paris, whom he consistently upstaged; for Danielou refused to leave Paris for Rome a couple of years ago when the Vatican wanted him to become Prefect of the Secretariat on Education, and spent much of his inexhaustible energy in brilliant statements which, if they achieved little else, were at least enough to throw the Archbishop of Paris into a decidedly minor role in his own archdiocese. The other is the controversial Father Arrupe. Supporting the Pope's struggle to regain control of the administration of the Church, Danielou was bound to oppose Arrupe's defense of the Jesuits who, throughout the world, take the lead in promoting innovations which the Pope has not authorized and to which, indeed, he is often explicitly opposed. Of course he was thought to back the Pope's wish to force Father Arrupe out. It would have been natural for him to play a large role in choosing the difficult Father Arrupe's successor.

Nothing about the Church appears in the French press to which the progressive Jesuits or their friends are very much opposed. Perhaps it was legitimate to hail Teilhard's return to France, in 1946, with a front page article. He was a brilliant and influential man; much of his work, though not "published," had already been widely circulated through revolutionary circles both within and without the Church. He had already assured one of his supporters in Paris, the hostess of an important salon, that he would actually found a new religion, of worldwide influence, and he counted on the assistance of a clergy who rejected and defied the Pope. Nonetheless, it was a rather odd thing at that point to put on the front page: but there it was. "A Great Priest Returns to Paris." Presumably the same progressive Jesuits will now make the most of all the evidence which makes Danielou ridiculous as the champion of clerical celibacy—a role he had assumed in the newspapers of France during the last five years.

The bishops at the synod will be confronted with more aggressive demands than ever for permission to allow priests to marry. Has not Danielou's scandalous death, it may be asked, made further defense of "celibacy" absurd? In addition, celibacy poses an important doctrinal difference between Teilhardian Catholicism and the familiar belief which the missionaries used to teach. For Teilhard, purity for its own sake, in the traditional sense, is hardly a virtue—certainly not a seriously important virtue. A celibate clergy is obnoxious on principle to those who have assimilated Teilhard's determination to remove "holy purity" from its accustomed place in the catechisms and the life of monasteries and convents.

This difference of viewpoint is one reason why the quarrels this autumn—and perhaps for the next fifty years—will be so embittered. There is certainly concubinage and homosexuality practiced openly, and definitely—though not so openly—defended, among the clergy who have accepted a fundamentally different orientation for their view of life. They are not ashamed of this, and what traditional Catholics consider "scandals" will not embarrass them. The bishops, on the other hand, have been exasperated in the past, and it is difficult to see how a collision can be avoided. In any case, the late Cardinal Danielou will somehow be remembered at the meetings in Rome this year. His absence will be felt. What he did not achieve was a reconciliation, or even the appearance of one, between the Jesuit modernists and the Catholic hierarchy, and he dies at just such a moment and in just such a way as, it would seem, must make everyone feel the unlikelihood of ever attaining such a reconciliation.

His death signifies perhaps the collapse of Paul VI's policy up until now. In spite of his reputed growing affection for conservatism, and his supposed regrets for his early interest in new ideas from Paris, Paul's trust in Danielou linked him with his own early liberalism. Nothing could have happened more calculated to make him feel disillusioned with the liberalism which, the Jesuits claimed, Vatican II was going to baptize or authorize.



THE Pope has certainly not failed to observe the unfortunate role played by the Jesuit Father McLaughlin in the brouhaha over the Watergate mess. Jesuits are never supposed to take part in politics in any case. They have been solemnly forbidden to do so by a papal directive and they have already been suppressed entirely—in 1773—precisely on charges that they neglected to respect this command. The Pope knows history, and knows his canon law. So will his successor. He must also know that "the Jesuit in the White House," or "Nixon's Jesuit," proved to the world that nobody, anywhere, has any control over the activities of the Jesuit fathers today—while the Catholic Church is still blamed for anything they may choose to do or say. The Pope has already made clear his exasperated bitterness over the contempt for tradition which has become common among Jesuits. It is not likely that his successor will feel differently. And it is not likely that his successor will be a man who ever felt the slightest sympathy for the late Jean Danielou. □

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THE ACADEMY

Does Student Power Corrupt?

EDWARD LE COMTE

TWO STORIES about a renowned Harvard professor of a generation and more ago illustrate how times have changed. The professor was George Lyman Kittredge, the Shakespearean scholar. A neat gentleman, notoriously self-confident, with a white beard and spats, he stumbled and fell while entering a classroom. Before picking himself up from the floor, he said, "At last I am on a level with my students." Another time, he asked a young man in the front row why he was not taking notes on his lectures. "I have my father's notes," replied the student.

Today's professors are on a level with their students, and their lectures, if they presume to be so authoritative-seeming as to give lectures, had better be new and relevant. Otherwise they will be voted down by their vocal and powerful electorate, the student body.

A professor used to be concerned about what his colleagues—or the administration—thought of him. Now he worries about his students' feelings every time he says something in class, or gives a grade, or attends an academic meeting. This is the residuum of the revolution of the Sixties, at Berkeley and Columbia and all the campuses in between. The headlines are gone, strikes and sit-ins are rare, succeeded as they have been by student questionnaires and voting power on courses and promotion and tenure.

The old professorial arrogance and distance and unquestioned authority are gone. It has been recognized that teaching is a two-way street. The teacher used to be, as John Dewey pointed out, like a salesman who "sold" all day but didn't know whether anybody had bought. Now there are official arrangements for feedback, besides a good deal more informal freedom, an easy give-and-take that has made classrooms and conferences more human.

But this revolution, like any other, has its dangers and drawbacks. Required courses, such as freshman composition, may be abolished by popular demand, but that does not abolish the problems such courses were designed to meet. Rejecting authority and advice, the freshman of 17 picks and chooses he literally knows not what. Then all his disappointments or possibly illusory pleasures (he's seldom in a position to judge the soundness of the scholarship being offered) are recorded and go permanently into the instructor's file. There is, naturally, a tendency to measure courses and professors by their easy attractiveness, which is advantageous for science fiction and entertainers and easy graders, but hard on Greek and calculus and those course-givers who seek to maintain high standards of work and excellence.

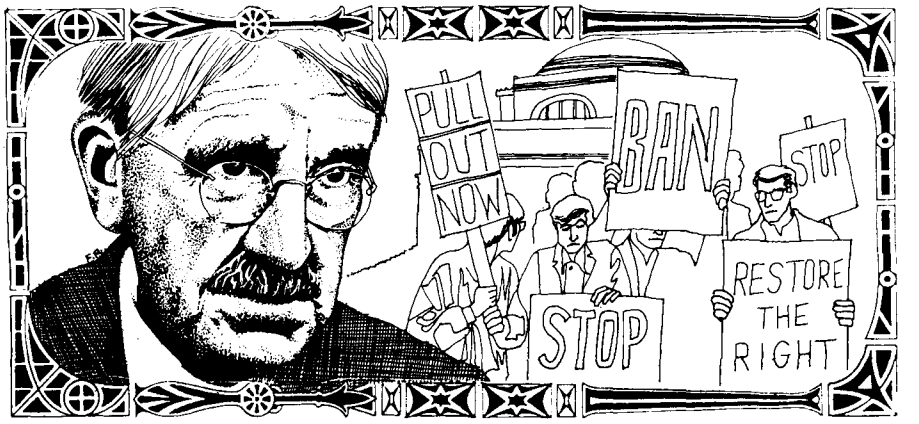
Popularity Ratings

Will the latter be voted out? Will they be subtly, or blatantly, corrupted, settling for less and less, as they see others catering to their clientele or flattering them in a mad demagogic scramble to improve popularity ratings? The computer has, unfortunately, made instant comparison possible. A good teacher is, very simply, one who has a good score on the student questionnaires. It follows that the best teacher is the one who draws the most students, subject matter not being considered. We should stand at the door and collect a percentage of the bursar's fees as our sole compensation.

There has been some reaction to all this. I knew a dean who publicly expressed some doubt about complete reliance on student questionnaires. He drew attention to a study in *Science* (September 29, 1972) which concluded, "Students rate most highly instructors from whom they learn least." He departed, suddenly. Yale exhibited some old-fogyism when Erich Segal was denied tenure by the classics department, apparently *because* he had huge enrollments partly owing to his vulgar fame for *Love Story*. The chairman explained, "Mr. Segal has a great many interests. He does other things besides teach classical literature." What a sin! I'd advise that gentleman to get with it. Anyone bogged down these days in classical irrelevance had better acquire some other interests immediately.

I see myself going down the primrose path in an effort to get high grades on such criteria as "Is friendly toward students" and "Is valued for advice not directly related to the course." If it's a girl, and pretty, obviously I should date her, and if all goes smoothly she'd soon have no doubt whatever that I was "friendly," and at the right juncture I'd have plenty of "advice not directly related to the course." So much for student questionnaire items 24 and 28. But I'm a little worried about my score on item 26, "Recognizes and greets students out of class." I'm getting a bit nearsighted. That blonde in the hall, with whom I desire to score well—I might just pass her by inadvertently, despite the best, or worst, intentions.

Damned if I do and damned if I don't. That's the new participatory democracy. □



Mr. Le Comte's latest book is Milton's Unchanging Mind.

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WALL STREET

If you're calm when others aren't, maybe they don't understand the situation. The author reflects on many years of watching the stock market bandwagon roll off one cliff or another, and draws lessons for today

Reflections on Fifty Years

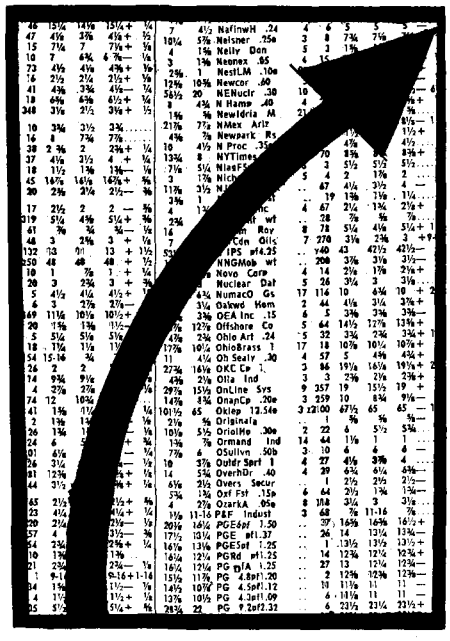
NORVIN R. GREENE

PLUS ça change plus c'est la même chose.

Buy and read *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, written in 1841 by Charles Mackay and frequently republished in hard cover and soft. Also dust off and re-read at least the first part of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Earnings, dividends, and economic trends have some influence on stock prices, but more significant by far in determining prices are the emotional reactions, inflated hopes, and exaggerated fears of investors. And momentum in stock prices once established, whether on the up side or down side, feeds on itself. Alice down the Rabbit's hole finds a bottle marked "Drink Me." She drinks and grows smaller and smaller. She then spots a small cake marked "Eat Me." She eats and grows bigger, and still bigger. Stocks acquire similar momentum, sometimes for years on end.

Read in *The Madness of Crowds* of John Law and the Mississippi Scheme 1717-1720, the South Sea Bubble 1720, Tulipomania 1634-1636, involving whole nations in their delusions for extended periods of time. You may even wonder how gullible people could be in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1928-1929 we had entered "The New Era." There seemed no limit to growing prosperity, to rise in corporation earnings and in stock prices. Every bootblack, taxi driver, waiter, bus boy, Wall Street broker and clerk held stock, most of them on thin margins of 10 per cent to 20 per cent. Tips on hot stocks were eagerly sought, no matter from whom. Pools accumulated shares quietly, ballyhooed them, and in a climate of rising excitement disposed of them at handsome profits. Joseph Kennedy acquired a reputation and fame as a superb pool operator.



The South Sea Bubble of 1720 burst, leaving nationwide financial destruction in its wake. The fall of 1929 brought panic to Wall Street. Both rich and poor went to the wall, their fortunes and their savings gone. Stocks had been going up for so long that high prices as measured by assets, earnings, working capital, and dividends had become accepted as the norm.

In the next few years the pendulum swung so far it was thought that never again could anyone make a fortune. Those happy few who had held on to their money should spend it in their lifetimes, it was said, because the government would confiscate it upon their death. And yet in the next few years many stocks had multiplied in price many times over, only to be dashed upon the rocks again in 1937 in one of the sharpest stock market drops in history—a 50 per cent decline—in a matter of months.

The postwar story of the market has been a story of sharp ups and downs. In 1949, after the war, respected economists in Washington and elsewhere were pronouncing solemnly that unemployment would reach the levels of the 1930s in a catastrophic postwar depression. Apples would again be sold on the streets. Sewell Avery, head of Montgomery Ward, piled up cash instead of building modern stores as General Wood of Sears, Roebuck, Montgomery Ward's arch competitor, was doing. Avery figured he would build his new stores at depressed prices. Stock prices were low in relation to earnings, assets, working capital, and dividends. Some of the best quality stock yielded 6 to 7 per cent. And what happened? Stock prices moved up.

Postwar Growth

During the 1950s there was a rush to build new capacity to meet consumer demands of a growing population and relieve pent up demand of the war years. When the dam burst, new plant and equipment orders skyrocketed. Plants were built to meet not only current consumer needs but also an anticipated rapid growth. Such capital spending continued into the Sixties.

Consumer goods flooded the market and competition forced prices down. By the late 1960s an increasing number of industries were failing to achieve an adequate return on capital invested. New plant spending all but disappeared in aluminum smelting, U.S. oil refining,

Mr. Greene is an investment counselor who has written previously for NR.

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paper manufacture, machinery, machine tools, many chemicals, as well as in other areas. At the same time President Johnson's Great Society plus the Vietnam War, which was financed by government deficits, pushed more of the Gross National Product into consumption and left less and less for increase in capital goods spending.

Reckless government spending produced enormous deficits. The banking system cranked out new money. The inflation of which we all bitterly complain didn't just happen. It was created. And the demands of the people for a better and better standard of living, a standard that industry couldn't meet, added to the problem. The Great Society played its part too in building up the expectations of many.

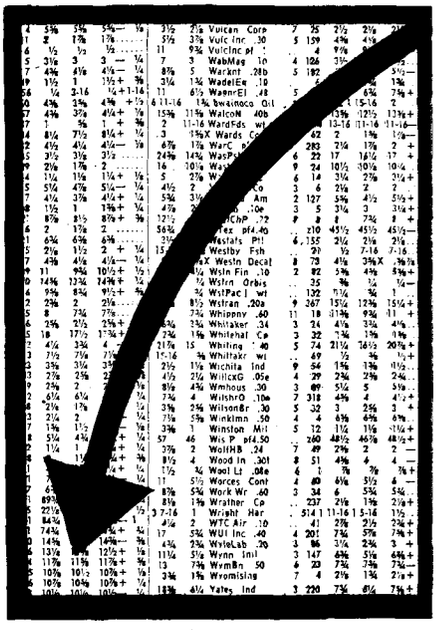
In 1961 new technology stocks, especially electronics, catapulted upward —and then on over to collapse in 1962. In 1967-1968 there was excited trading in new issues. Some had no operating record but managed to peddle an idea to the public through underwriters. Others had good five-year growth records. Some of those records were real but not all. The saleability of company shares with five-year records of growing earnings became so great that companies often used misleading (but accountant-approved) accounting practices to produce the record. This led to a rise in corporate bank borrowing, much of it for conglomerate acquisition and pyramiding operations such as REITS (real estate investment trusts). Jimmy Ling, Charlie Bluhdorn, J. B. Fuga, Fred Sullivan, Tex Thornton, among others, rose from obscurity to national fame in that short period, and were as quickly eclipsed as stock prices collapsed. The REITS are now reporting daily on mortgages held in default. Many REITS dividends have been omitted. Shareholders are devastated by their losses.

Investing Psychology

So what's new? In Wall Street, what can be sold will be sold.

Greed for quick profits and Wall Street's willingness to take advantage of this greed have resulted in the current lack of credibility in stocks as investments and in the public's disdain for shares at any price, no matter how low. It isn't only the unsophisticated individual who is afflicted by mob psychology in investing; the **pension** fund managers all tend to follow the leader in investing their portfolios. If a stock was good enough for Bank & Trust Company X to buy, it must, Bank Y managers say to themselves, be good enough for us. Bank & Trust Company X, it is assumed, has researched the company in depth.

Banks competed for lucrative pension fund business by boasting superior investment performance records. This competitive struggle to displace each other in pension fund management contributed to managers' buying many of the same stocks. To pick one horrible



example: National Student Marketing was a flimsy company skillfully promoted by a vast amount of hot air. There was little but a shell left when its walls fell in. Many of New York City's most respected banks were left holding its practically worthless stock. This was not an isolated incident, but serves to illustrate the rapid-growth syndrome of the period.

The year 1970 broke the back of many grossly inflated stocks with the realization that growth in part or in whole had been achieved by innovative accounting practices. Money managers for many large institutions retreated from their love affair with small fast-growth companies. They now fell in line, as though under orders, and in solid phalanx turned toward a new investment policy. They would now buy only large top-growth companies with long records of increasing earnings and dividends—regardless of price. If you paid too much it wouldn't matter, time would bail you out with earning growth. Investing in major growth stocks has much merit—but purchase at any multiple of current earnings poses substantial risk of capital.

What happened in 1973 and 1974 to many of the "holy grail" stocks suggests there can be madness even among highly skilled portfolio managers. A broadening in many large portfolios appears to be in process today: the buy-at-any-price solution hasn't fared well in the past two years.

My fifty years on Wall Street have shown me that what appears to be an absolutely new and unique situation is merely a repetition of something else. Today's problems always seem worse than yesterday's. So it was 500 years ago, and 5,000 years ago in the time of Hammurabi.

In the next four years and possibly longer, what is needed is an increase in production facilities, accompanied by either a stabilization or reduction in the quantity of consumer goods. This will be painful. It will result in somewhat higher unemployment. Nevertheless the government should provide new incentives to stimulate capital accumulation and bring an increase in the production of capital goods. Those companies which direct their energy and capital to exploration for new oil and gas reserves, for new mineral discoveries, for new oil refineries, companies which build aluminum smelters, paper mill machinery, machine tools, etc, should be encouraged and permitted to make handsome profits. We have believed for a generation that government regulation could keep energy prices low. The result is that we will be paying radically higher prices in the long run.

Just about the only uninflated prices in the U.S. today exist in the stock market. The market abounds with stocks selling at prices which will appear in the future to have been ridiculously low, an opportunity of a generation. Purchasers of carefully chosen stocks in 1974 will be the new millionaires and multimillionaires of 1984.

What we should do now, in my opinion, is to invest in deflated shares of financially sound, well managed companies, or even in high-yielding top quality debt obligations. Today portfolio managers, characteristically, sit with the highest cash equivalent assets in a generation. The man in the street will not touch stocks. As in the past, they will wait until stocks have

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moved up substantially and then fall over each other trying to buy quickly. The small investor or speculator who is today disillusioned and embittered will rush in when easy profits appear possible again from trading stocks. History repeats itself. This is as predictable as anything can be in this imperfect world. A question that needs to be answered is, when is a stock a speculation and when is it an investment?

Consider Avon Products stock at upward of 150. A great growth company over decades—no question. But at 50 to 60 times current earnings, was it a good investment? Institutions said yes in a most effective way—they bought it in huge blocs. The fact was that at 150 it was a risky speculation.

In contrast, Grumman today at 12—earning $3 in 1974, it is paying 60¢ per share, with visible earnings expectations of $4.50 in 1975, more than $5 in 1976, and $6 plus in 1977—is rated a speculation. The rationale? Grumman depends on government contracts. Yet at 12 the risk in relation to potential capital growth is so low that in reality it qualifies as an investment.

Wall Street badly needs to rework its definitions of what constitutes an investment and what a speculation. Price in relation to assets, earnings, dividends and visibility of increase in them, accounting practices, management integrity and ability should be among the important measurements in categorizing a stock. Other considerations might be exposure to labor interruptions and foreign expropriation, essentiality of products, financial strength. In the 1930s these yardsticks were given great weight. Today, if not ignored, they are accorded too little weight.

Performance Cult

Let's examine the performance cult, which managers of corporations and labor union pension funds invoke today before investing. Performance of the past 12 months is usually used as the measuring rod. Funds are often moved to the manager who outperformed the Dow Jones Industrial Average by the greatest percentage last year from the manager who underperformed. And yet in the long haul the second adviser may produce radically superior results. In my experience the pursuit of performance has frequently brought poor investment results, and in the 1969-71 period, not infrequently disaster.

Having lived through the unhappy Thirties I find it difficult to depart from the methods which proved enormously successful in those years: buy large quantities of valuable assets—earnings, working capital, financial strength, good management, etc—at a low price. Then watch carefully and exercise infinite patience, often for years, waiting for large capital growth that will end up multiplying one's investment many times over.

Today where can one find such values? The present deflation in stock prices has not equaled the catastrophic Thirties, so it may be harder now than it was then to increase one's capital 25 times in seven years (as was realized in one 1930 situation). Nevertheless there are buys in today's stock market that could be highly rewarding.

Forget about trying for the bottom

(Continues on page 1184)

Firing Line Guest: Frankenstein's Monster

Mr. Buckley: Through a happy piece of luck, we were able
To get as our guest the man spawned on the laboratory table.
He had been out tearing up windmills and ravaging the countryside
Far and wide,
When, finding out we cared enough about him to have him on our show,
His whole demeanor changed from rabid to benevolent, and Dr. Frankenstein said he could go
To America. So he sits with us now, neck-bar neatly in place and, if a little large for the chair,
As comfortable as anyone could be who has to live with the stare,
The scream, and the hysterical withdrawal.
Please call me "Bill"; and what may I cawal
You, since "Mr. Frankenstein" would be a misnomer?
Monster: Well, my bride called me "Buttercup" before she left me for a zombie in a coma,
But why don't you just call me "Monster"?
That's what anyone does who wonster
Help me with my identity crisis.
Mr. Buckley: Oh, do you have that problem, too? Some of the nisis
People around are struggling with that affliction.
Monster: There's always something. First I had difficulty with my diction.
Mr. Buckley: I'm not surprised, coming out of the lab as you did.
Monster: I used to talk like this: "You . . . wo . . . man . . . you . . . pret . . . ty . . . kid."
Mr. Buckley: How did you finally overcome it? You speak fine now, you know.
Monster: I tried everything: speech courses, voice clinics, books on semantics by Hayakawa. Then I discovered your show.
Mr. Buckley: Really? I had no idea it was therapeutic!
Monster: Yeah. I learned words like alembic, hierophant, exoteric, hermeneutic . . .
Before long I was speaking with skill and confidence:
I became the only monster on the block who made any sense.
Mr. Buckley: Tell me more about this self-identity thing.
Monster: It all began when Count Dracula called me from Transylvania to say he was canceling
My subscription to *NR*.
Mr. Buckley: That's going too far!
Monster: Didn't like my inflection. Knew if I don't get my regular dose of NATURAL REVULSION, I have a relapse.
Mr. Buckley: Something to do I suppose with your crazier-phasia synapse.
Monster: Anyway I was stomping around taking out my frustrations on the peasantry,
When Dr. Frankenstein said someone from *Firing Line* wanted to speak to me.

—JOHANNES EFF

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A FABLE

How the world's racial problem was finally solved by . . .

The Inside Out BLACK WHITES and The Inside Out WHITE BLACKS

JOHN KEEFAUVER

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a dedicated inventor who, after reasoning that everybody must be white on the inside, or at least not black, and that within this theory lay the answer to solving the world's racial problem once and for all, set about to invent a pill that would make blacks white by turning them inside out.

After years of toil, the inventor, who was a black, one evening popped a pill into his mouth, and the next morning, sure enough, he woke up with the black outside of him in and the white inside of him out. Ecstatic, he at once started making more pills and knocking on doors in his black neighborhood, announcing excitedly in his new inhaled voice that if the black would swallow the pill he would wake up with his white insides out.

Some blacks took the pill, although dubiously, and overnight became inside out black whites, but many of them refused, especially those who had known the inventor in his pre-inside out days and whom they now branded as being nothing more than an Uncle Inside Out Tom. On the other hand, some of the blacks who had never known the inventor refused to take the miracle pill *because* they didn't know that he was an inside out black white, and they weren't about to take anything from such a crazy white man.

Regardless of what was thought of him, the dedicated inventor went around the world offering his pill to any black who would take it, and gradually many blacks became inside out black whites and, of course, lost their natural rhythm. Some of them, in fact, became whiter than whites, which caused the whites who had never liked blacks when they were black to dislike them even more when they were white. "They're trying to be whiter than we are!" they bellowed when they found out what was going on.

In fact, some whites in time became so prejudiced against inside out black whites, especially the inside out black whites who were whiter than regular whites that they, stealing the magic pill, began taking it themselves, their reasoning being that if blacks could turn even whiter than whites by taking it, they, the whites, could be whitest of all by swallowing the miracle pill.

Alas, their reasoning was faulty. Or perhaps it was the fault of the pill, the inventor admitted glumly. For when the whites swallowed it, instead of becoming whiter they became blacker than regular blacks and discovered they had natural rhythm. "They're trying to be blacker than we are!" the regular blacks bawled when they found out what was going on.

It wasn't long, then, before nobody knew if whites were regular whites or inside out black whites, or if blacks were regular blacks or inside out white blacks—and, as the poor inventor soon found out, it was very important for both whites and blacks to *know*, for they soon demanded that the inventor do something so that they could figure out who in the hell was who.

The unhappy inventor, throwing up his hands, decided the only thing to do was to invent a second pill, one that would turn inside outers back into outside outers, no matter what color they had been originally.

After years of inventing, he finally swallowed a pill one evening that, by the next morning, put his inside black skin back outside and his white outside back in.

So once again he set off around the world. He soon learned, though, that the inside out black whites, no matter what they had said before, preferred to remain what they were even if they were being called Uncle Inside Out Toms by the regular blacks (who called themselves, incidentally, inside out dropouts, or simply outside outs), particularly since many inside out black whites were not only now whiter than regular whites but getting even whiter by the day. With their new inside out insight, or outsight, they refused to take the second pill. In fact, the inside out black whites who were not turning white enough to suit themselves wanted another one of the first pill, the black-to-white kind.

Additionally, there was the problem of the whites who had turned black. When these inside out white blacks, who had taken the first pill in order, they thought, to become whiter than the blacks who, after taking the first pill had become whiter than whites, remembered how mistaken they had been the first time, they refused to swallow the second pill even though the inventor swore it would change their color back to what it had been in the first place.

BY THIS TIME the poor inventor, who had an eye defect anyway and hardly knew what color he was himself, was so confused that he got the pills mixed up and, additionally, got regular whites mixed up with inside out black whites, and regular blacks mixed up with inside out white blacks. The result of all this was that he gave both kinds of pills to all kinds of people, so that he made some regular whites into inside out white blacks, some regular blacks into inside out black whites, some inside out white blacks whiter, and some inside out black whites blacker, until nobody knew what color he had been in the first place.

Which was how the racial problem was finally solved once and for all. □

Mr. Keefauver is a freelance writer who has appeared several times in NR.

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

The Next Pope

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THE CHOICE of the next Pope will surely be rated by later historians as having been the most important and the most difficult papal election in about 400 years. Most important: because the next Pope must decide what to do about the fundamental rift now running throughout the Roman Catholic Church. Most difficult: because, as of now, there is no eligible candidate who seems capable of resolving the situation that has arisen.

As the mortal life of Pope Paul VI draws lingeringly to its end, a very specific process has started within the corridors of Vatican power and the weather-beaten structures of the Church. It is a process of assessment which marks the end of one papal reign and the preparation for the accession of one individual to what has now become in Christian eyes the most harrowing responsibility any one man could willingly shoulder. And, like all other human schedules today, the choice of Pope and the assessment preceding his election are caught in the ever quickening pace of events. Already it is pre-Conclave time, the evening before the traditional morning shout: *Habemus Papam*. And, already, the game of names has started: Who will be the next Pope? Who are his friends? But of far greater concern and receiving much less articulate attention is the assessment itself, and the meaning and effect of that fundamental rift.

The rift has no name yet. For nothing like it ever appeared before in the Roman Catholic Church. Unlike schism or heresy, it is not limited to one country or one class of Roman Catholics. Unlike the Protestant Reform in the sixteenth century, it has not begun in one place, has no shining leaders, is not the instrument of princes, is not even primarily doctrinal. It is not peripheral as most of the deepest troubles of the Church have been in the past, but universal. More like the result of a silent earthquake, its jagged edges zigzag everywhere, through ecclesiastics and layfolk, institutions and individuals, creating a disarray of opinions, a clash of objectives, and a confusion of authority, that threaten to fractionate the whole structure of ecclesiastical control and organizational discipline.

For the tradition-minded, the most horrific anguish is doctrinal. From parochial schools up through social action groups, seminaries, universities, religious orders and congregations, chanceries, and some Roman offices and institutes of the Church, there is now a solid and apparently growing body of bishops, priests, nuns, and laymen who are at variance with official Roman teaching on basic beliefs: papal infallibility, clerical celibacy, the primacy of the Roman Church, Marxist Communism, an all-male priesthood, divorce, contraception, abortion, homosexuality.

Call them what you will—liberal, left, progressive, enlightened, erroneous—25 years ago their present outlooks, practices, and language concerning Creation, Original Sin, the divinity of Jesus, the forgiveness of sin, Mary, Heaven, and Hell would not have been tolerated. Opposed to them and ever more frightened by their increasing hold, there is another group of almost equal distribution and certainly with equal determination. Virtually no one on any side of this strife, from Pope to neophyte, is untouched or untroubled by it.

The politicians and diplomats of the Roman administration are most preoccupied with the rift as it affects the mode of organizing human society. Throughout Asia, Africa, and South America, as the cost of survival soars, populations expand, and resources dwindle, more and more Catholic clergy—priests, nuns, religious superiors, bishops, cardinals—as well as layfolk are being led to sociopolitical attitudes and actions that oppose not merely the established local regimes but the comparatively conservative stances of their North American and European colleagues. That the views expressed by these men and women are radical is perhaps not news. What is ominous is that those who hold these views express them with a *universalist* intent, i.e., for them not merely are their own societies but the American and European societies unjustly and immorally organized, and the politics and economics of these areas they judge to be well nigh intolerable.

WITHIN Europe itself, particularly in Spain, France, and Italy, there is a new movement, confined for the moment to the "lower clergy" and to some writers and theologians, which now advocates a melding of Christianity and Marxism as the only solution to the economic, political, and military woes hanging over them. Yet the conservative Westerners clearly see that any furtherance of such views would liquidate the visible presence of the Roman Church, which is linked inseparably to one economic system.

For those who manage the economic sinews of the Roman Church (and they are Westerners), the nightmarish part of the rift concerns the unbalanced condition of world finances. Viewing, for instance, the recent World Bank estimates that in 1980 monetary reserves

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"Sir, the logic of your argument is questionable, but your method of presentation is irrefutable."

of about $680 billion (as opposed to $26 billion in 1973) will be held by the member nations of the international oil cartel, and being fully acquainted with the ills of world inflation and the problems of liquidity, they realize where this shift of reserves will leave Church resources. Logically, in the search for judicious realignment of investments as well as some quick means of easing the situation, they would welcome some *deus ex machina*—even a military adventure, if need be—to arrest this development. But such determination puts them at variance with at least the churchmen and laity living in less favored countries.

Preoccupation with such deep and very real troubles, of course, produces yet more troubles. And in a sense they become not only broader but, since we are dealing with an institution of the spirit, more fundamental as well. For many Roman Catholics, ecclesiastics and lay people in every country, and just as poignantly for many throughout the other denominations of Christianity, major and minor, the rift appears to be a gap between professed religious principles and concrete practices by their leaders.

Solzhenitsyn seems to them to have had more moral authority and power of spirit than any one leader or any group within their Church in recent times. Nevertheless, just as the greatest totalitarian hegemony in human history could not quench his spirit, so they think the Spirit of Jesus must be in His Church. They see their leaders dominated by the norms of high politics and the weight of power centers, but only peripherally concerned with doctrine and belief, and even then only insofar as deviation from official stances threatens the organizational unity of the Church. Many, consequently, no longer look to those leaders; they turn a deaf ear to pleas for organizational unity, and are developing a hope and expectation of guidance and solutions from another source. Side by side with these and at painful odds with them are all those—and they are many—who still place their hopes in the external structure of the Church as it is today.

In this brief writing, there is room only for the above samples of the rift. Multiply those samples generously; extend them over hundreds of areas, and you will have some indication of how widely this rift already reaches and how deep are its effects. All such universally felt clashes and diametrically opposed opinions and attitudes resound loudly through the Church all the way back to Rome, which finally becomes the venthole of the violence and disagreement. It is in this unprecedented climate that the pre-Conclave assessment moves forward and is itself of necessity deeply affected.

In the current crisis, whether Pope Paul VI decides to resign, is incapacitated, or dies, the pre-Conclave assessment remains obdurately difficult. It is clear that, this time around, the assessors and electors-to-be are confronted with the hard-faced issues thrown up on every side by that rift which will not go away. Since only evils are apparent to them, their assessments are necessarily of lesser evils, with only a possibility of greater good.

As the assessment now goes, the candidate ultimately chosen cannot be one who straddles the rift, promising to be neither too much of one side nor too little of the other, or one who heals the divisiveness. The sides are too far apart, and seemingly only in a new and so far undiscovered direction can they be made whole or brought together.

But no innovator is in sight. No Pacelli, already hieratic and messianic, long groomed for the job, stands biding his time in the wings. For quite a while, the College of Cardinals has lacked anyone with the personal authority, the simplicity, and the experience of a Roncalli, anyone with the lucidity and fierce will of a Ratti (Pius XI), or anyone with the science, the political know-how, personal charm, and pastoral instincts of a Pecci (Leo XIII). The Vatican and the Roman Catholic Church have their share of competent diplomats, capable administrators, devoted scholars, inept theoreticians, saints, sinners, progressive and conservative personalities, and ambitious gentlemen. But, just as in our secular governments, there is no obvious leader among the visible *papabile*; only pygmies, men of the common stamp, at one in the shared limitations of us all. And Paul's effort to rule from beyond the grave through appointments of cardinals is now, in the view of most, of little avail.

The choice of the next Pope must hew strictly to issues. For there is no *papabile* visible who, being his own man, can masterfully dominate those issues and, at the same time, be himself the main issue. Rather, the choice will be of one who will be, at his best, a master of inactivity and, at his most active, a pupil of events. For even in this fast-paced era it may take more than one papal election for the present generation of power wielders, policymakers, and vested interests to fade away.

As it is not bound in any time frame, so the Spirit of Jesus can be very little impressed by the power of men, clothed in regalia or not. And the Church, while bound to the world by its very mission, *is* a structure of that Spirit. Now it is events, seemingly, and no longer human ingenuity that will initiate sooner or later the vital change in direction which the Church must take. □

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Arts & Manners

PLACES

KARL R. ZIMMERMANN

Going Home Again

"Everything is going. Everything changes and passes away. Tomorrow I shall be gone," says Eugene Gant, in Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*. "There is something I have lost and have forgotten."

Today, amid the confusion of a transformed Asheville, North Carolina, a great deal has been lost or forgotten, though the boarding house where Wolfe spent much of his childhood is one thing that still stands. An incongruous relic of another age, this sprawling white clapboard structure at 48 Spruce Street is surrounded by empty lots, an expressway, parking areas, and undistinguished modern buildings: a new arts center, a motel, municipal offices.

Nearby a YMCA ("The Y in the Sky") has recently arisen on the site of Wolfe's birthplace at 92 Woodfin Street; not only the house but the street itself is now gone. But the Old Kentucky Home—as the boarding house was dubbed by its proprietress, Wolfe's mother—has been spared and huddles amid angular boxes of brick and glass and expanses of macadam, debris, and emptiness.

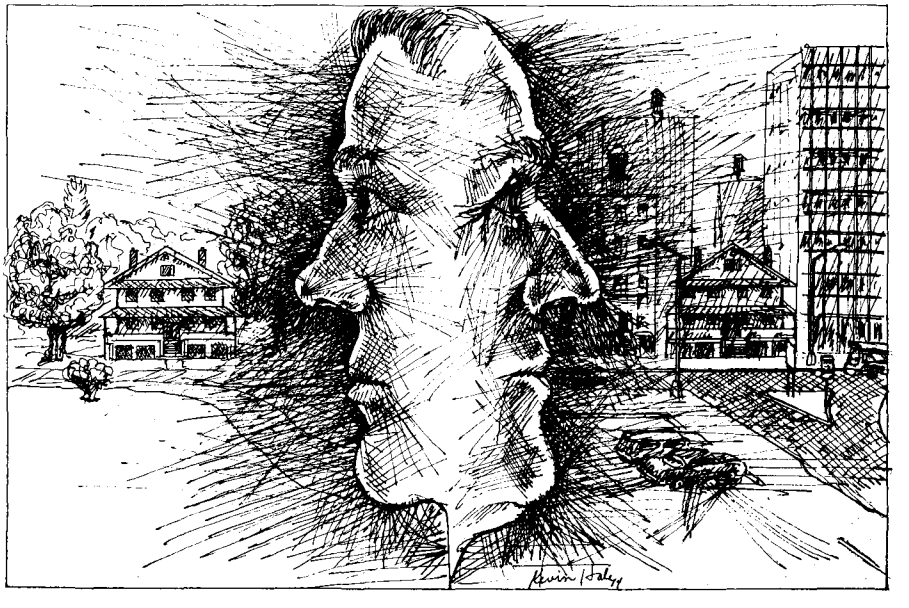
As many as 35 years ago Wolfe himself had found his home town totally transfigured. In his posthumously published novel *You Can't Go Home Again* he described the protagonist's return to his birthplace after years of absence. George Webber, the largely autobiographical hero, found that "the sleepy little mountain village in which he had grown up—for it had been hardly more than that then—was now changed beyond recognition." The village, Libya Park in the novel, was in reality the Asheville of the author's youth.

Thomas Wolfe was born in 1900—and was not oblivious to the portentousness of the date. After a tumultuous childhood, he went on to the University of North Carolina at the age of 15, then to Harvard for three years of graduate study, which led to an MA in English. In 1924 he became an instructor at New York University. From then until his death in 1938 of tuberculosis of the brain, Wolfe made his residence in New York City, with interruptions for seven trips to Europe and considerable domestic travel. However, the North Carolina mountains remained his emotional home.

Look Homeward, Angel, his first and most famous novel, was published in 1929. In it, Wolfe chronicled his own ancestry and his upbringing in Asheville, called Altamont in the book. Virtually all of the characters are thinly disguised renderings (many uncomplimentary) of Asheville citizens. The book is therefore something of a *roman à clef*, with the novelist's own family appearing virtually undisguised and unsoftened. Though the surname is changed to Gant, Wolfe's father William Oliver—usually called simply W.O.—and two of his brothers—the twins Ben and Grover—retain these given names. Julia Elizabeth, Wolfe's mother, becomes Eliza in the novel, while sisters Effie and Mabel appear as Daisy and Helen, brothers Frank and Fred as Steve and Luke. For himself Wolfe took the name Eugene.

With this information in mind and a copy of *Angel* in hand, today's traveler might enter Asheville by a route similar to that W.O. used for his migration more than ninety years earlier: west from the Piedmont, entering the hills at Old Fort. This town—called Old Stockade in *Angel*, a typically Wolfean half disguise—was the railhead until 1882 when the Western North Carolina Railroad (now part of the Southern) was completed to Asheville. In Old Fort W.O. detrained and boarded a stage for the balance of the trip. Today, Interstate 40 whisks the motorist through a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains from Old Fort to Ridgecrest, but the original stage road between these points is still travelable too, though it's unmarked and unmaintained.

WOLFE LOVED many things about the small mountain town that he knew in his early childhood. The vignettes of the people and places from this time are *Angel*'s particular strength. On the other hand, he despised the middle class land greed and the rampant speculation that obsessed the city throughout the early decades of this century until the boom broke in the late Twenties. His own mother's acquisitiveness for real estate ("Eliza saw Altamont not as so many hills, buildings, people: she saw it in the pattern of a gigantic blueprint") epitomized this for Wolfe, as did the boarding house she ran—where he, "a



Karl Zimmermann *has written on railroads, travel, theater, and jazz. . . .* **Herbert London** *is a professor of social studies at New York University.*

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stranger in a noisy inn," was never truly happy and at home.

It is a paradox that this boarding house, the Dixieland of *Angel* about which the author's feelings were so mixed, the "murderous and bloody barn" as W.O. often called it, is today a major repository for Wolfe memorabilia. A gift to the city of Asheville from the Wolfe family, it has been open to the public since 1949. To walk through the house, bracketed and bayed in Victorian fashion, is to relive the exultations and tragedies of the Wolfe-Gants.

FROM THE broad front porch, where guests once whiled away summer evenings on rockers and swings, the current proprietress, overseer of the ghosts of roomers long gone, ushers the visitor into the main hall, hung with Wolfe family portraits. Current guests wander as freely as the ghosts through the silent, sleepy house. At each door is a typed description—liberally laced with quotes from *Look Homeward, Angel*—of the room within.

Still perceptible is the sense of how life must have been in this "big cheaply constructed frame house of 18 or twenty drafty high-ceilinged rooms." The parlor, where "chill boarders . . . sat for hours before the coals of the . . . hearth, rocking interminably," is as drab as *Angel* suggests, this in spite of the piano in the corner where sister Mabel once played rollicking tunes. In contrast, the dining room, spacious enough to accommodate four tables, is light and airy. With its huge sideboards and ornate fireplace, it is quite different from the claustrophobic little pantry where the family ate, displaced from the larger room by the boarders.

Wolfe's mother, after realizing considerable financial success from the boarding house, made substantial alterations, gaining a good deal of space. "The construction was after her own plans," Wolfe wrote in *Angel*, "and of the cheapest material: it never lost the smell of raw wood, cheap varnish, and flimsy rough plastering." Two important rooms added were a sun parlor and, right above it, a sleeping porch that Wolfe often used.

This latter room now contains a shabby leather couch, an old-fashioned desk, and a wide variety of tools—all artifacts from W.O.'s stonecutting shop. (In *Angel*, when W.O. is dying, Eugene muses: "They have bought his shop. They are going to tear it down and put up a skyscraper . . .") This room and one on the first floor devoted to books and furniture from Wolfe's New York apartment are among the few whose furnishings are not as they were during the author's youth.

Most poignant for the visitor who has read *Look Homeward, Angel* is probably "the bleak front room upstairs, with its ugly Victorian bay window." In this room Ben, Eugene's favorite brother, died of pneumonia. The stark cast iron bed is a reminder of the sense of transience and death that hangs over Wolfe's memory and his works.

Wolfe's grave is in Asheville's Riverside Cemetery. Since cemeteries don't change much with the years, it is not surprising that Riverside recapitulates an earlier era with its hilly, tree shaded plots. A sunny afternoon there holds the serenity of the Asheville Wolfe loved and mourned. In *You Can't Go Home Again*, a visit to High View Cemetery (Riverside's fictional equivalent) sets George Webber to thinking in much this same way: "In the cemetery . . . the air brooded with a lazy, drowsy warmth. . . . All this was as it had always been. But the town of his childhood, with its quiet streets and the old houses which had been almost obscured below the lofty spread of trees, was changed past recognition, scarred now with hard patches of bright concrete and raw clumps of new construction. It looked like a battlefield, cratered and shell-torn with savage explosions of brick, cement, and harsh new stucco." Against all this the quiet graveyard even today stands as an island of peace. □

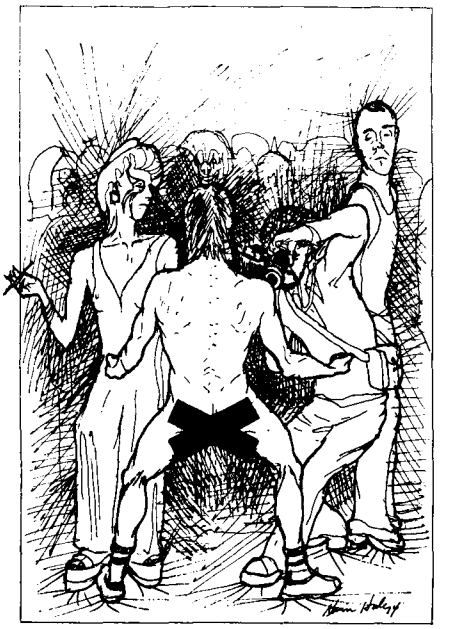
ROCK

HERBERT LONDON

You and Who Were There

They came in droves: some seekers of what was seriously called a counter-culture a decade ago; others, camp followers and still others, eager to shine in the light radiated by the rock stars. They came to pay homage to The Who, a rock group that first staggered New York audiences with a rock concert called *Tommy* and most recently drove sellout crowds to fits of exaltation with an overamplified sound at Madison Square Garden. This was The Who's party, an event as grotesque as any conceived by Fellini, or even Norman Mailer.

One June evening The Who rented the Manhattan Center to celebrate a farewell to New York and their tenth anniversary in the music industry. After selling out the Garden for five



consecutive nights New Yorkers—at least some of them—deserved a reward. The celebration came to the same hall that contained the voices of Albert Shanker, Mike Quill, and John Lindsay; but their ghosts weren't evident unless, of course, someone was playing dirty tricks and Mason Reese is a reincarnated Quill. The Center is ideal camp—faded mirror columns in the basement lounge, a balcony in the main hall that looks like early Radio City, and waiters who are rejects from Katz's deli.

AS I entered the hall from the rear I spied Edgar Winter, a shining albino bedecked in white and obsequiously catered to by his band of loyalists. He looked glum, as did his entire entourage. For him, attendance at the party was fulfilling a professional obligation. He was seated ten feet from the exit. On the stage pacing back and forth nervously was Murray the K. This rock hall-of-famer was the tribute The Who paid to the musical antecedents of pre-Beatle days. Murray instinctively relied on the same shtick that made him Mr. DJ—"Ahbeh, Ahbeh. . . ." "Now this

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is what you call your basic . . ." (any noun will suffice). The audience hardly noticed. But Murray kept trying to make this a party as the sweat ran down his face and on his rainbow shirt of glittering color. This was a festival of freaks; regardless of what anyone did the action was in the audience. A chimp passed through the aisles on roller skates, but there was such a continuous barrage on the senses he was barely noticed. Beautiful women with their breasts enticingly revealed; lesbians bumping suggestively in what passed for a dance; women with rhinestones in their cheeks; men dressed in drag; shaven heads sprinkled with silver dust; women in evening gowns, aviator caps, and bathing suit tops; the acrid but familiar fragrance of grass and the continual thumping beat of soul music in the background.

Expecting this to be the event of the season, the children of media armed with their cameras were ubiquitous. The event, as any media buff knows, is notable because it's seen through a lens. One half of the guests perform for the other half holding the cameras. The action follows the CBS light crew.

On a fifty-foot table was enough sumptuous food to feed Bangladesh for three months. Pigs stared thoughtfully as guests picked away at the hide; turkeys did handstands to make their breasts accessible for plucking, and Murray shouted "in five minutes you can get your basic food" to a crowd that was already swallowing quarter-pound slices of corned beef that were only occasionally eaten with a knife and fork. At the bar people clamored to get the wine and beer that was served by a fag in drag who simulated breasts with two giant balloons that were fondled by friendly passersby. Tiny Danish and Ruggelach were piled up so high the mountain blocked my vision of the stage even when my six-foot-five frame was standing. It was the highest mountain of food I had seen since Cousin Barry's Bar Mitzvah. But three minutes after serving, it was leveled like the Illinois plains.

On the stage JoJo and SueSue were dancing with Murray; it was reminiscent of the Brooklyn Fox and one with any memory of that scene at all could see the K girls resplendent in sparkling outfits following Murray's lead. This evening, notwithstanding the "old gold music," had little resemblance to that vintage rock entertainment. Yet there was a curious nostalgia to the acts. A juggler, magician, fire-eater, and snake charmer performed as if this were the Ed Sullivan show.

But one couldn't tell if these were entertainers or spectators. In this case, with only several exceptions, spectators were entertainers. When Murray announced the acts, few heard his pronouncements or even bothered to notice the events. They were too concerned with one another.

The writing on T-shirts was better than the graffiti on the IRT. And the conversations consisted of grunts and other sounds as removed from "straight society" as any dialect from the remote reaches of New Guinea. "Yeah man, I dig, ooh, cool, baby, zap, lay it on me, man, I'm into it baby, yeah, dig." Of course it was hardly more original than kids greeting one another on Atlantic Avenue, but the embraces seemed genuine, even if they weren't. There were also the celebrities, those media stars of the first magnitude who can elicit "oohs" with as much as a nod. Michael Pollard was there, unshaven, very wobbly, and perfectly willing to hug any male or female with a familiar face. Walking about like Diogenes searching for answers to what his friends called "a heavy trip" was Paul Simon. There were the pseudopeople: Ronald MacDonald, a hamburger clown who laughs like Clarabell and chases hamburglars out of MacDonaldland, and Mason Reese, a manchild who has the body of a three-year-old, the face of a forty-year-old, and the psyche of an octogenarian.

As the party was throbbing with musical vibrations and the dance floor became ever more filled with bumpers, grinders, shakers, and jumpers, Murray introduced the incomparable Ronnie Specter and the Ronettes singing "Be My Baby." The years have taken their toll on Ronnie, but she still wears those diaphanous blouses and pants that take two hours to get into and even with protruding love handles there's enough love-kitten sexiness for three Eartha Kitts. Her singing is often flat and off key but she tries and sometimes makes up in bravado what she lacks in talent. Since everyone wanted to entertain, Ronnie was wise enough to let the freaks have the limelight. She invited them on stage to sing, dance, and caress her ass. And for a while it worked, until one underground porno stud trying hard to make it in the world of pop disrobed, pushed his hands through his hair, and paraded his penis from table to table like an objet d'art at Parke-Bernet. There was little the Ronettes could do to top that act. Mr. Porn was auctioning off his wares at a price you couldn't refuse. He had the lights and flashbulbs focused on him and for a minute he stepped out of anonymity and into show biz.

When the lights went out, so did Mr. Porn. There was probably little that could be staged after that, but The Who tried with their most explosive event of the evening: a roller derby pitting New York against Los Angeles in a twentieth century version of gladiatorial spectacle. Like Roman heroes, The Who sat in a specially prepared box half amused and half bored by the predictable action. Their fans clamored for fights and the consequent bloodshed, while looking to The Who for cues of what to cheer. If The Who's music is the ultimate manifestation of existential destruction, an ode to twentieth century violence, so are their parties. Except if the choice is smashed guitars as a symptom of hopelessness and deadened sensibilities from their deafening sound, or sending paid warriors into the ring for their self-indulgent pleasures, I prefer the former. Rock as a culture has become rootless; in its desire to shock, to find something new, it has reached the dead end of capricious sound and action. The Who aren't even fun. Their sound is harsh and piercing and so is their party; the spectacle at the Center became a self-conscious search for good times amid the march of bizarre sights of potentially frightening proportions.

Who are The Who? They are us as seen in a circus mirror that reflects the barrenness of culture and the violence and dissolution just below the sheer social crust of civility. Their party is where our unburdened visionary pleasures and nightmares are lodged. It was a time for joy, joylessness, abandon, violence, and fear. It was an event that titillated psyches eager to be set free from social constraints, but frightened of the apparent consequences. Anarchistic fun usually culminates in nihilism. At this party it was no different. Columbia students, in rare moments of excitement at athletic contests sing, "Oh who owns New York?" For a week in June that wasn't a question. □

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BOOKS

Secretary Superstar

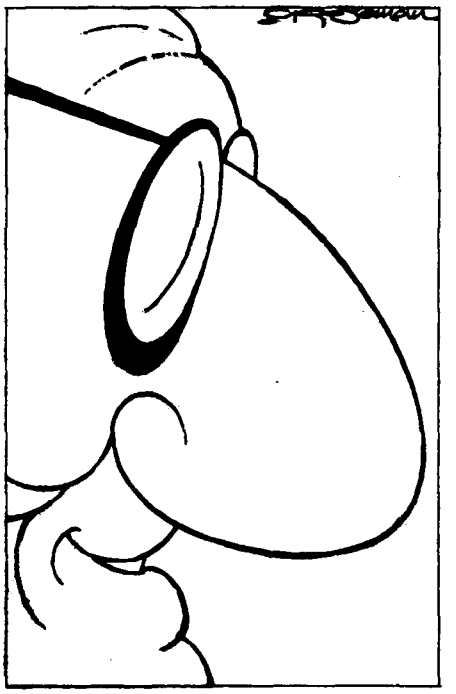
Kissinger
By Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb
Little, Brown, 557 pp., $12.50

RICHARD J. WHALEN

President Nixon's final official act was full of cruel symbolism: he was required to submit his formal, one-sentence resignation to Secretary of State Kissinger. The servant had survived the doomed master. But Henry Alfred Kissinger is much more than a survivor. He is a superstar, uniquely esteemed by heads of government, ordinary Americans, and the editors of *Time*, who in judging him probably "the world's indispensable man" reflect the prevailing consensus. Naturally, President Ford hastened to announce that the Secretary of the World would stay on the job. (Long before Nixon's downfall, of course, Kissinger had assured the successor that his services would be available.)

The Kissinger phenomenon may easily be misunderstood. Without taking anything away from his obvious qualities of intellect, ambition, and energy, it is appropriate to regard him as the beneficiary of luck and circumstance. The peculiarly reclusive and secretive Nixon wanted to deal with the world at arm's length, through one man only, and Kissinger was the chosen human instrument. Another President would have arranged matters quite differently. When Kissinger at last writes his own multimillion-dollar memoirs, it will be interesting to see how he treats his disgraced benefactor, and whether he acknowledges his debt. If he does not, to be sure, he will merely be running true to the form that Nixon taught him.

Until we have Kissinger's own story, the Kalbs provide us with the next best thing: an intimate, richly detailed portrait of a new kind of politician, whose career sheds valuable light on the way we are ruled today. The illusion persists (especially among envious academics) that the force of ideas helped propel Kissinger toward the top, and we have been treated to an unending and mostly unrewarding search for parallels between his published thoughts and the grand designs of long-dead European statesmen. But it was not a Harvard don or Metternich's great-great-grandson who climbed the greasy pole in Nixon's Washington, outmaneuvered Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Colson, and kept his lofty perch through the Watergate gale. It was a wholly contemporary man of power who rose and survived, a brilliant and often ruthless operator who understood the new political system which has sprung up within the framework of the old.



The key to the new system for Kissinger was celebrity. Ideas and books brought a measure of fame, and fame could be transformed into personal power. Under John Kennedy, the first celebrity President, well known intellectuals practically broke down the door of the White House, eager to swap prestige for a whiff of power. Kennedy, for the most part, kept the intellectuals in their place—Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whom rightwingers saw as a sinister influence, actually spent most of his hours waiting for the telephone to ring in his remote East Wing office—and used them for such limited purposes as conning their academic peers and fellow elitists of the news media. Nixon, who sought to imitate Kennedy to an unappreciated degree, had few intellectual celebrities in his corner, and, because of his personal quirk about dealing with too many people, he found use for still fewer—in fact, only one. As a result, where the Schlesingers, Bundys, and Rostows had stood in former days, there stood only Henry Kissinger, whose fame and power were accordingly inflated.

THE NEW system rests on presumed expertise, knowing a great deal about very small parts of the complex modern society; and the sources of such knowledge are the private and public bureaucracies—the universities, research institutions, foundations, and government agencies. The elected representatives of the people, charged with general responsibilities, seek out specific and specialized knowledge from this realm, trading "access" (influence) for academically certified authority. Using

Richard J. Whalen, *author of* Catch the Falling Flag, *has recently published* Taking Sides, *a collection of his articles.* . . . **Alan Reynolds** *is* NR*'s economics editor.* . . . **Walter Connor** *teaches at the University of Michigan.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *Strictly Speaking: Will America Be the Death of English?* is a slam at the debasement of language from an unexpected source: Edwin Newman of the *Today* Show (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95). . . . Martin Blumenson out with Volume II of *The Patton Papers 1940-1945* (Houghton; $17.50 to Jan. 1, then $20). . . . Two from Chicago: *Center and Periphery: Essays in Macrosociology* by Edward Shils ($19.50) and *Clio and the Doctors: Psycho-History, Quanto-History, and History* by Jacques Barzun ($7.95). . . . Margaret Mead portrays *Ruth Benedict* for Columbia ($8.95). . . . Jerry terHorst beats everyone out with *Gerald Ford and the Future of the Presidency* (Third Press, $10). . . . *I Am a Memory Come Alive* is a collection of Kafka's autobiographical writings (Schocken, $10). For the same house, *Kafka's Other Trial* collects his letters to Felice ($6.50).

Writing about Billy James Hargis, Carl McIntire, Edgar Bundy, and such in *Thunder on the Right: The Protestant Fundamentalists*, Gary K. Clabaugh calls them—would you believe subversive? (Nelson-Hall, $8.95). . . . *My Life with Brendan* is by Beatrice Behan (Nash, $8.95). . . . Nabokov's new novel is *Look at the Harlequins* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95). . . . Cass Canfield's *The Incredible Pierpont Morgan* illustrates his art collection (Harper, $17.50). . . . New Eric Ambler thriller: *Doctor Frigo* (Atheneum, $8.95).

■ Atom spy Morton Sobell ruminates *On Doing Time* (Scribner's, $8.95). . . . It figures: Freud's *Cocaine Papers* reveal how snorting led him to write *The Interpretation of Dreams* (Stonehill, $14.95). . . . *The LIFE History of the United States* comes in 12 volumes, $7.95 each (Time-Life). . . . Ladislas Farago talks about his adventures tracking Borman in *Aftermath*. Simon & Schuster says $9.95; we say a $1 remainder before next Election Day. . . . Marilyn Baker scooped everyone in the media on the Patty Hearst case, now gets the jump on the book world with *Exclusive!* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Noel Barson recreates the Hungarian Revolt in *Seven Days of Freedom* (Stein & Day, $8.95).

■ FILMS: *The Black Bird*, featuring characters from *The Maltese Falcon*, casts George Segal, Signe Hasso, Lionel Stander, Stephane Audran, and, from the 1941 classic, Lee Patrick and Elisha Cook Jr. . . . Many a favorite gets trapped in *The Towering Inferno*: Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Fred Astaire, O. J. Simpson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Vaughn, William Holden, Richard Chamberlain, and Jennifer Jones. . . . In the same genre, with nostalgia for good measure, is *The Hindenburg*. Stars include Anne Bancroft, George C. Scott, Gig Young, and Burgess Meredith.

Harvard as a base, Kissinger ranged widely as a consultant. His tenure at that establishment citadel, the Council on Foreign Relations, produced not only a well received book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (whose conclusions he backed away from as fashions changed), but also a powerful sponsor, Nelson Rockefeller, with whom he maintained close relations throughout the Nixon years.

CONSIDERING the importance to Kissinger of the Rockefeller connection, the Kalbs say remarkably little about it, perhaps because their subject was reticent in this sensitive area. Clearly, Kissinger regarded Rockefeller as a safe harbor, especially after the Watergate storm broke. In the fateful month of April 1973, for example, sources close to Rockefeller report that Kissinger gave his patron a message over lunch in New York: he, Kissinger, had given Nixon what amounted to an ultimatum, saying that if the tainted Haldeman and Ehrlichman did not go, Kissinger would feel obliged to depart, for his usefulness would be ended. Whether Kissinger actually laid down that stark challenge to the embattled President is unknown at this time, but it is significant that he wished Rockefeller to believe that he had done so.

In any event, the preparatory years of consultancy taught Kissinger the cardinal importance of self-protecting bureaucratic organizational arrangements. Within the White House national security setup, all lines of communication and authority converged in Kissinger. No member of the National Security Council staff saw the President or communicated with him except through Kissinger. The intimidated bureaucrats of the State Department spoke only when addressed by junior NSC aides. Thus did Kissinger sew up his side of the Nixon Presidency as tightly and completely as Haldeman and Ehrlichman sewed up theirs. Significantly, as the torrent of damaging leaks and subsequent wiretap controversy revealed, the experts and specialists of the NSC were chosen, not for their political reliability and loyalty to the President they served, but for their total and slavish devotion to *his* servant, the tyrannical Kissinger.

From this personal fief, which sucked power from the rest of the government into the White House basement, Kissinger, the new-breed politician, embarked on an intense courtship of the susceptible media elitists, who were at once flattered and professionally grateful to be on a first-name basis with the only "source" in buttoned-up Washington. In the new system of political power, the media elitists of the national press and networks act as the primary constituency of elected and nonelected officials, for whom a waxing image is the contemporary equivalent of a popular mandate. For Kissinger, whose oft-confessed paranoia is quite real, celebrity was also a prerequisite to survival in the repressive atmosphere created by Haldeman and Ehrlichman. Quite early, Kissinger established himself as the Grand Exception to the Nixon Administration's half fearful, half contemptuous stonewalling of the press. Henry talked and talked and talked, often in the company of dazzling show-biz girls certain to gain prominent display in the *Washington Post*'s influential Style section.

Simultaneously, the media intermediaries acknowledged Kissinger's exceptional status by establishing a blatant critical double standard: the alien and uncommunicative Nixon men were fair game; "Henry" was one of their own. The story goes that, when the Watergate dam broke, the *Post*'s top brass cared not what the scandal swept away, but, as editorial page editor Philip Geyelin reportedly said: "We must save Henry."

The Kalbs of CBS News may be suspected of a similarly protective attitude toward their invaluable source and their $200,000 book subject. To their credit, they inject enough criticism into their account to persuade the indifferently informed reader that the warts are being described. Their distortion is of a subtler kind. For example, in recounting his ambiguous role as an explainer of the Administration's Vietnam policy,

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they write: "Kissinger has always been a political chameleon, able to take on the coloration of his environment. Hawks and doves alike thought that they had found a kindred spirit in Henry." True enough, but mark well the softening, familiar use of the first name. When Nixon lied, it was an outrage. When "Henry" lied, it was, well, *understandable.*

We are provided with many vivid glimpses of Kissinger, the superemissary, in his private moods. When South Vietnam's President Thieu resisted Kissinger's slippery "peace" formula, Kissinger repaired to the American Embassy in Saigon and flew into a rage, alternately barking at aides and popping candy into his mouth. An observer was prompted to remark: "When someone tries to thwart the will of Henry Kissinger, you become aware of the incredible size of his ego."

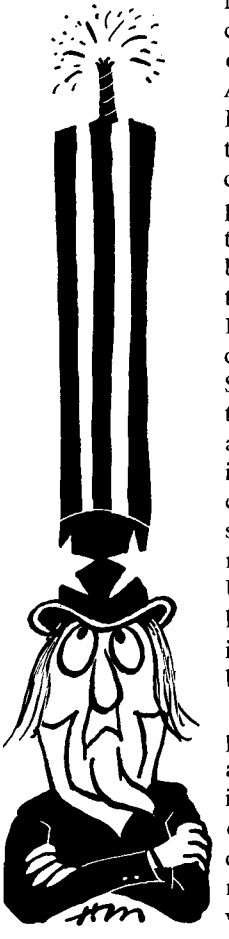
Indeed, Kissinger is ego-driven and therefore capable of self-entrapment. The Saigon blowup came because Kissinger was determined to adhere to an unnecessary timetable agreed to with Hanoi, a form of self-made pressure which the President sensibly relaxed. Kissinger, the sole repository of secrets and thus of superior insight, is also capable of serious miscalculations, as the chapters on the SALT I negotiations and the Yom Kippur War make abundantly clear. These miscalculations follow a dangerously consistent pattern in his assessment of Soviet intentions.

"Henry takes a hard line with everybody but the Russians," remarks a close observer of his career and statecraft, not interviewed by the Kalbs. In order to gain the coveted strategic arms limitation agreement at the first Moscow summit, Nixon and Kissinger made a series of last-minute concessions, some of which were kept secret from the Congress until Senator Henry Jackson forced them into the open. In order to preserve his hopes for an expanding detente, Kissinger was forced to disregard the USSR's connivance in the Arabs' war plans—Sadat informed Brezhnev of D-Day more than two weeks in advance—and thereafter tried to appease all parties by engaging in truly mind-boggling duplicity, which wound up making the Pentagon appear the real "enemy."

The weakness of the Kalbs' portrait of Kissinger is that it is largely composed of his words on and off the record, which are too often accepted without verification. Thus Kissinger, who miscalculated the intentions of the Soviets and the Arabs, nevertheless emerges as the hero of the Yom Kippur War crisis because—by the Kalbs' report—he bullied the Pentagon into providing arms to the valiant Israelis. According to unimpeachable sources who have documents to prove it, it didn't happen quite that way.

On the day the war broke out, according to these sources, the National Security Council made a highly secret policy decision: the U.S. would *not* render overt military assistance to Israel during the hostilities, in order to prevent the feared retaliatory blow of an Arab oil boycott, which the Kalbs correctly describe as "an economic H-bomb." This decision laid down clear policy limits which the Pentagon and Defense Secretary James Schlesinger were bound to respect.

But Kissinger, who expected a quick Israeli counteroffensive and decisive victory, did not feel similarly bound, when his expectations were disappointed. With the frantic Israeli ambassador clamoring for immediate and massive military aid, Kissinger played the role of Tel Aviv's friend and advocate, faced with a disobedient, pro-Arab Pentagon. For the benefit of the anxious Israeli diplomat, Kissinger placed irate calls to Schlesinger and bawled him out. In the Kalbs' account, President Nixon is depicted ordering Schlesinger directly to get the supplies and aircraft moving—an order, according to my sources, that was never given. The U.S. airlift was launched when policy was changed by the President.



Kissinger repeated his unfair assault on Schlesinger following the disappointing second Moscow summit, when the Soviets refused to sign a SALT II agreement that the Watergate-weakened President might dare bring home. Pacing the aisle of his jet afterward, wearing the cloak of "a high government official," Kissinger falsely blamed the Soviet *and* American military for blocking an arms deal, and went so far as to suggest they hold a separate summit. Once again Schlesinger bit his pipe and kept his cool, praising the Moscow accomplishments.

It is Kissinger's habit to tell different stories to different parties, a gambit which can work only so long as they don't compare notes. It is also his habit to tell as little as possible to inquisitive elected officials such as Senator Jackson, who has his own considerable expertise in national security and foreign policy. At the same time, it is the declared and essential aim of President Ford to run an open and honest Administration, marked by public candor and cooperation with the Congress.

A sense of contradiction intrudes. Perhaps we shall have Kissinger's memoirs sooner than we expect. □

FICTION

The Enemies Within
By Michael Z. Lewin
Knopf, 225 pp., $5.95

FRONTIER IN A RENTED ROOM

D. KEITH MANO

What is it about private eye novels? They aren't worth a cat's hairball after, say, page 69. The flavor in my tobacco chaw keeps better. I'd rather read the first three chapters of ten detective novels than the whole of one. *The Enemies Within* is a U.S. prime specimen of its genre: as good a 69-page book as you'll come across this season.

But, ah, those first chapters have magic: an at loose endsness sweeter than remembered adolescent summers. Talk about your archetypes. I figure the womb must be a shabby office stocked with one desk, two chairs, and a skeletal hatrack. Why else would this institutional furniture give me déjà vu? And private eyes are always just what we are not: between jobs, unmarried . . . private, in fact. For those 69 pages, until open-ended anticipation be-

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comes another parboiled plot line, you are charmed by the habits and household effects of lonely, self-sufficient men. An old pork-pie hat. A tank of tropical fish. (Michael Z. Lewin's Albert Samson has a cranky panel truck and takes his coffee with cream, no sugar.) It's the American frontier in a rented room, Natty Bumppo pausing where the deer spoor forks. But after page 69 Pathfinder gets lost in a thickening of trite complications. And anyhow he's on retainer by then, unfree.

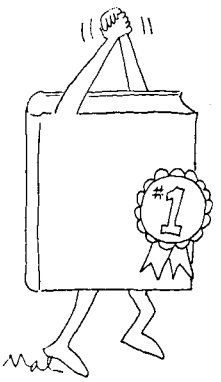
CERTAIN things seem funny when you're alone with a bottle of scotch and talking to yourself. Private eye humor comes in a plastic bubble pack, like razor blades. It doesn't last beyond page 69 either. Samson can be amusing in chapter three: "If he was homosexual, for instance. Indiana ain't the friendliest place. Farm animals or close relations we understand. But never perversion." This is called the wistful, smart-aleck tone. But by page 198 the inner dialogue has become plot narration and Samson's humor is an embarrassment. "My name would be mud forever, calling in the middle of the night. But probably my name was already Moist Dirt." You want to cringe. The way you do, mid-sermon, when a priest lurches like Frankenstein into some joke he's cribbed from the *Anglican Digest*. It isn't the humor, it's the ambience. By page 198, the lonely office, the sense of talking to oneself has gone. Smart aleck is no longer modified by wistfulness.

The private eye is a rich emblem of our urban state. Even mediocre craftsmen like Lewin can plug their three-volt appliances into its symbolic current. Done with imagination—as in Roman Polanski's *Chinatown*—a detective quest has the disturbing force of *Gawain and the Green Knight*. John Leonard, reviewing Kobo Abe's *The Ruined Map* has said, "Imagine, then, the private eye as an Ahab, and the modern city as his whale. Re-imagine the whale as a kind of white meaninglessness, the yawn of anonymity."

But the street-wise Ahab doesn't use harpoons. Samson says, "Christ, the phone was invented for private detectives." Connection is the word: a fragile electronic relationship depending on the three-minute-long good will of two faceless entities. Switchboards provide the social webbing and PI's operate them. Cars, too, stand for people: we are known by our license plates, by our tread fingerprints. Half the footage in *Chinatown* has to do with cars pulling up outside blank home fronts. Lewin's plot is unsensational, no corpses, just an ordinary case of brother-sister incest. But then his city is also modest: Indianapolis. Detective fiction writers know the urban layout. Their imaginary characters turn left at real intersections, rendezvous in real hotel lobbies. The city is both context and protagonist; the adventure is a clue, one of many, to its recondite nature.

Lieutenant Miller tells Samson, "It always has to be your way, doesn't it? You can't put yourself under anybody else's authority, can you?" The Private Eye-Police Lieutenant relationship has had more thorough documentation in literature than boy-dog or U.S. Marshal-horse. Or father-son, which it resembles. Lieutenants and fathers are establishmentarian, inelastic; they deploy bureaucratic strategies. Private eyes operate outside the legal structure, though parallel to it, on society's narrow running board. They exist because institutionalized authority can no longer cope with the city, being too much of it.

PRIVATE EYES claim a higher sanction, a sort of clerical authority. After all, they are vowed to shabbiness; they are mostly celibate; they protect the privileged disclosures of their clientele. Certainly they judge relative good and evil like nine-to-five casuists. This semi-religious arrogance allows them to commit low crimes and misdemeanors. If not strictly honest they are strictly loyal and must be trusted because they tend to succeed where authority comes up with goose eggs. The private eye myth has long been a given of American life and, outside fiction where success can't be guaranteed, it is a very dangerous myth indeed. Albert Samson might have passed the physical for Plumbers, Inc.—faithful to friends, not venal, dedicated to the greater good. After page 69, now that I think of it, Watergate wasn't much better than *The Enemies Within*. □



Confessions of a Price Controller
By C. Jackson Grayson Jr., with Louis Neeb
Dow Jones-Irwin, 265 pp., $9.95

WE LEARN BY DOING

ALAN REYNOLDS

Question: "What do you think is causing this inflation?"

Answer: "I don't know."

By thus establishing his credentials as the right man for the wrong job, Dean Grayson became head of the Price Commission. Soon he announced his discovery, in the *Reader's Digest*, that inflation was caused by careless shopping, greed, laziness—anything but monetary policy. And Grayson developed an annoying tactic, which he still retains, of warning the private sector (which can't do anything about inflation) of the threat of socialism if people didn't discipline themselves and show the proper restraint in their wage and price decisions.

Anyone who cooperated with price controls should probably be tried as a war criminal. But Grayson should be granted immunity. He paid his debt to society by arguing firmly and persuasively that controls had become useless and dangerous, and must be completely scrapped. He thus became the rarest of birds—a bureaucrat who admits that what he is doing is a waste of time.

Grayson still doesn't understand inflation. "People act to protect themselves by over-saving," he writes, and this "tends to feed inflation." Figure that one out. But at least he is sure that controls have no role to play, and his "feelings for the free market [are] now much stronger than before . . ."

Those who impulsively contrast the chaos of private markets with the solemn and orderly deliberations of public planning are in for a surprise. So was Grayson. Most of the book is a diary of the daily surprises, and a catalogue of crises. There was the problem of staffing: "Everyone I met I asked to submit names" (a desperate cabinet official, it can now be confessed, even suggested this reviewer—complete with monkey wrench). And the endless trivia: "Meany accused the PC of permitting the number of matzoh balls in Mrs. Adler's Matzoh Ball Soup to go from four to three. . . . Our staff went

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out and bought matzoh ball soup from stores all over Washington." Even the simplest rules turned out to have unforeseen consequences: forced to lower its profit margin, a grocery chain advertised some items below cost and devastated some smaller competitors.

Early in the game, Grayson caught a case of the Administration's paranoia. "A common activity by the key PC staff was to gather in my office at 7 A.M. [note the martyrdom] to read the *Post*, *Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *Journal of Commerce* to see how they each covered a story." Nice to know that tax-supported salaries are well spent. "They printed stories," Grayson goes on, ". . . that were absolutely false. They spread rumors that were sometimes harmful. They made innuendos in their stories that were a mixture of fact and supposition . . ."

PUBLICITY seeking dominated the whole price control enterprise. It was seen as a PR (snow) job. Why pick on visible industries? Because "any increase in steel has a significant ripple effect . . . in the press." Having trouble manipulating other bureaucrats? "Hoping that this publicity might influence [the Pay Board's] decision, I had a press release prepared . . ." How do you judge if the program is working? "Our press was generally good."

The chapter on "Decompression" hints that Grayson applied the main pressure behind Phase III, rather than Shultz and Stein, as commonly supposed. Those who blame our current difficulties on the timing of Phase III have not yet said when the timing would have been better. Phase III was not, in fact, a whole lot different from the Democratic platform's position on controls in 1972. Prices that rose rapidly in Phase III (food, leather, lumber . . .) were not effectively controlled under Phase II either. The acceleration of inflation was already quite evident in the latter part of 1972, and continued right through the second freeze and Phase IV. Likewise, the fact that inflation was most pronounced in food and raw materials proves nothing about what caused what, since in the early stages inflation is *always* most pronounced in food and raw materials. Unfortunately, Grayson avoids even these simple points, and is altogether too awed by "complex theories, mathematical equations, tables, graphs, statistical tests, and all that."

In a magnificent conclusion, Grayson shows how business and labor use government regulations (including controls) to suppress competition, and he gives many examples of the ways in which controls distorted the economy and misguided the public. He has provided an entertaining, revealing, and honest inside look at the realities of price control. It is an experience whose invaluable lesson we dare not ignore. □

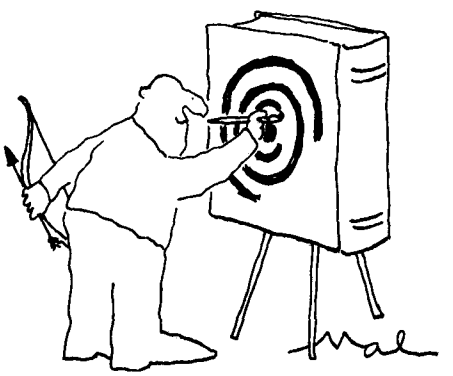
The Sociology of Emile Durkheim
By Robert A. Nisbet
Oxford, 293 pp., $9.95

GIVING DURKHEIM HIS MERITED DUE

WALTER CONNOR

While one can agree with Professor Nisbet that Durkheim is highly unlikely ever to "compete seriously as a household name with Darwin, Marx, and Freud," there is undoubtedly a not inconsiderable number of postwar college graduates, exposed at one time or another to sociology courses, to whom the notions of mechanical *v.* organic solidarity, altruistic, egoistic, and anomic varieties of suicide, "social facts," and the like have not yet become totally foreign because forgotten. These are parts of Durkheim's intellectual legacy, a large and enduring one, whose diffusion has far exceeded the recognition of his name.

Nisbet's aim in this book is simple—he offers the reader a Durkheim "primer," his own views on, and interpretations of, the ideas Durkheim set forth in *The Division of Labor in Society*, *The Rules of Sociological Method*, *Suicide*, and *The Elementary Forms of Religious Life*, as well as his lesser known works. And Nisbet on Durkheim, in its literacy, clarity, and brevity, is very good indeed. (One hopes—perhaps in vain—that it will not be abused by undergraduate and graduate students alike as a "shortcut" to Durkheim.) There is less Nisbet in this book than in his more recent large works, *The Sociological Tradition* and *Social Change and History*, but this of course is the author's design, and he follows it closely, letting Durkheim's words speak for him to a large degree.



Durkheim appears here, both as citizen and scholar (though with heavy emphasis on the latter), in a relationship of "creative strain" with his milieu: formed historically by the industrial revolution and the broader political revolution dating from 1789. He was deeply concerned with the disintegration of old institutions the revolutions entailed, and the lack of newly elaborated institutions that might substitute new social bonds for the old—social bonds, for Durkheim, being an essential condition for the welfare of essentially *social* beings. His insistence on the "social" as a realm of being *sui generis*, on the priority of the social over the individual (for it is only *by* "socialization" that a given biological individual becomes, through its constraint, a person), was likewise a reaction to the strong currents of biologism and individualism in his intellectual milieu, which saw the social realm as nothing more than an "emanation" of the collected organic and psychological characteristics of individuals. For Durkheim, the individual might be psychology's unit of analysis—it could not be sociology's, which found its subject matter in the rules, customs, and phenomena which, once elaborated, constrained and directed individual behavior in similar directions, thus allowing that minimum of similarity which made social life, and thus "society," possible.

AGNOSTIC SON of a French rabbi, *Dreyfusard*, consummate intellectual though he was, Durkheim is accurately reflected here as conservative in his concerns: pessimistic and troubled by the evidence of social "disintegration" he saw in the Europe of his day (a concern so well reflected in *Suicide*, which startled audiences by viewing self-destruction as a phenomenon of social rather than individual pathology); intellectually appreciative as none of his contemporaries of the power of "tradi-

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tional" forces like religion; and constantly searching for the prerational foundations of rationality.

(When "Spencerian" sociology, with its individualist cast, characterized society as a summation of a multitude of interlocking individual contracts adding up to the "social contract," Durkheim sought for the pre- or noncontractual substrate: the shared orientations and beliefs, noncontractual in themselves, which alone could make "contracts" possible. The one has outlasted the other; Talcott Parsons began his *Structure of Social Action* (1937) with the apt words, "Who now reads Spencer?" It is unlikely that anyone will be able to ask the same of Durkheim in the foreseeable future.)

YET, as "conservative," Durkheim was no defender of "the state," no visceral reactor to the "problem of crime." He viewed the state, in a manner echoed by later writers on the themes of mass society and totalitarianism, as more a threat to man than a guarantor of his security when its influence was not balanced or mediated by those other institutions—religious, familial, communal—whose power he saw in a process of irreversible decline. As Nisbet summarizes Durkheim's view, "the state's authority over human beings must, if it is to be prevented from becoming the source of regimentation and mechanical uniformity, be offset by the recognized authorities and allegiances of other, non- or semipolitical groups and associations."

These are scarcely "radical" sentiments. Yet, in the area of "crime," "deviance," and nonconformity, Durkheim's insights were truly radical, both in the sense of offering a new integrating vision of these phenomena within a broader context of the social order, and in exposing the basic roots from which much contemporary writing in deviance stems. Pessimists of his time viewed crime as "inevitable" because of flaws rooted in human nature itself; optimists viewed it as "inevitable" only insofar as particular forms of socioeconomic order (notably, at the time, "capitalism") made it so.

Durkheim concurred in its inevitability but rejected both types of explanation, to seek one in the existence of "law" itself: social life is impossible without laws and rules, yet by their nature, laws and rules, in their application, *must* find the "disorderly" as well as the conforming, even in the most tranquil of societies. Their very existence guarantees that criminals, too, will exist. Durkheim makes this clear in a memorable passage:

> Imagine a society of saints, a perfect cloister of exemplary individuals. Crimes, properly so-called, will there be unknown; but faults which appear venial to the layman will create there the same scandal that the ordinary offense does in ordinary consciousness. If, then, this society has the power to judge and punish, it will define these acts as criminal and will treat them as such. For the same reason, the perfect and upright man judges his smallest failings with a severity that the majority reserve for acts more truly in the nature of an offense.

From this insight, from the identification of crime as a "normal" phenomenon, there naturally flowed the notion of punishment as a reaffirmation of fundamental values—a *necessary* reaffirmation which could only exist as long as violators appeared on the scene to evoke it. "Order" was inconceivable *without* deviation.

The analysis of crime, punishment, and their functions is only one—though one of the most enduring—of Durkheim's contributions. The others, too numerous to summarize, are dealt with no less richly and insightfully in this altogether excellent book. It is not Professor Nisbet's intent to turn Durkheim's name into a "household word" (though he sees him, in his concerns with alienation and moral and social disintegration, as more relevant today than Marx and Freud), but to give him his due, and this he has indeed accomplished. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

COMPULSIVE SPY: THE STRANGE CAREER OF E. HOWARD HUNT, *by Tad Szulc (Viking, 180 pp., $5.95).* This is, as Szulc admits, a hasty—no index, no documentation—"reconstruction from a distance," consisting primarily of reworked material already on the public record plus some pop psychoanalysis. Since Szulc's central thesis is that Hunt is "the personification of all the painful things symbolized by Watergate," the analysis of Hunt's character is absolutely essential to the book's success, for by getting to the person Szulc intends to explain the "why" of Watergate. But he never gets there. He doesn't know Hunt, he finds few people who know him well, and so he resorts to the "probably—it seems" technique, a technique familiar to anyone who has ever invented probabilities to force a thesis. The attempt is to show that Hunt is kinky. In Paris, Szulc tells us, Hunt enjoyed women, food, and booze. Sounds perfectly normal, especially in Paris, but not to Szulc. Instead, it *probably* shows that Hunt *probably* drank and chased women because he *probably* suffered from inferiority complexes *probably* growing out of what *probably* are some deficiencies of manhood. Proof? Well, there's Hunt's Paris novel, with its "peculiar mixture of politics and sex." (Peculiar? They go together like peanut butter and jelly.) But enough. Perhaps fascination with beautiful women and good booze brings on Watergates. An understandable theory if advanced by, say, John Ehrlichman. But an odd one for a former *New York Times* staffer.

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN: *Critical Essays and Documentary Materials, edited by John B. Dunlop, Richard Haugh, Alexis Klimoff (Nordland, 569 pp., $15).* Maybe a bit more than you've always wanted to know about Solzhenitsyn, but the pickings are rich and the subject is worth the attention. Essayists include Milovan Djilas, Mary McCarthy, Philip Rahv, Heinrich Böll, Irving Howe, Alexis Klimoff, and a dozen and a half more, plus four statements by Solzhenitsyn, including his Nobel lecture. Intricate analyses of the author's special use of the Russian language, and PMLA-type hackings into insensibility of his greatest works appear here, but also some wonderfully insightful observations. Is Solzhenitsyn a conservative, Professor Czeslaw Milosz asks? "If by conservatism is meant an attachment to tradition, then Solzhenitsyn is a conservative. On page after page he deplores the terrible loss brought about by the Revolution, not only in terms of millions of human victims, but also in terms of the destruction of so many precious things: community ties, kindness, respect, piety, architectural beauty—and the sound of bells without which Russia is not Russia." In his anguished letter to Patriarch Pimen, Solzhenitsyn validates that observation; "Extinguished are the right to continue the faith of our fathers, and the right of parents to raise their children in their own beliefs, while you, hierarchs of the Church, have made your peace with this and support it, interpreting it as an authentic example of the *freedom of religion.*" Snippets of quotations won't do here, but a few words more, from Solzhenitsyn's indictment of the United Nations: "It is . . . a United Governments Organization, where governments freely elected are equated with regimes imposed by force or with those that have gained control by an armed seizure of power. By dint of the self-interested bias of the majority of its members, the UN jealously guards the freedom of certain peoples and completely neglects the freedom of others." A sample from a cornucopia.

DAVID BRUDNOY

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break through the stereotypes and evaluate everyone as an individual, and not as part of some group the mere mention of which inspires horror in tens of millions of (I believe) unnecessarily thoughtless people? I thank *NR* for allowing me room to put forward my view; now it's up to the readers to make up their own minds. As for me, next time—a film review, I think, or something on books. This matter of gay rights has by now, by me, been overworked in this, my favorite journal.
Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

The Attorney General Replies

The May 10 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW contained an article entitled "Consumerism and One Small Businessman," written by Lowell F. Jones. I will set forth in detail here only the most egregious of the errors and omissions.

First. This office did not act without justification. We reviewed approximately 2,000 separate citizen complaints before commencing legal action against Jones, who was operating a mail order Christmas card firm. When we informed Jones of our investigation and pending legal action, Jones avoided service of process and used the additional time to send 300,000 new brochures to prospective customers. These brochures offered merchandise for sale which was not only out of inventory but which Jones knew was not even available from his suppliers.

Second. Jones was not properly filling orders. Most customers had to wait more than eight months to receive ordered Christmas cards (long after Christmas), although Jones had cashed their checks the previous summer. When the court-appointed receiver took control of Jones's business in February 1971, he found 33 crates of unanswered complaints. An actual count showed that between January 18, 1971, and February 24, 1971, 19,765 separate complaints were sent to Jones, while in March and April 1971, more than 35,000 additional complaints were received.

The consumer complaints were not unfounded. We found over 44,000 unfilled orders in Jones's possession. Moreover, not only was there an eight-month delay in the filling of orders, but the orders that were filled often contained substituted and generally unsuitable items. For example, after he had depleted his stock of greeting cards, Jones began filling Christmas card orders with paper dresses, pencils, cocktail napkins, plastic rain hats, key chains, and even light bulbs. Incredibly, when Jones exhausted his supply of these items, he began filling orders with cough syrup and vanilla extract. (He also owned a syrup manufacturing company.)

Third. After an exhaustive civil trial, Jones was found to be operating in violation of numerous state laws, including this state's Consumer Fraud and False Advertising Laws. Accordingly, he was permanently enjoined by the court from future violations of law and allowed to continue in business only under strict court supervision. (I have attached a copy of the court's findings of fact, in which the court finds all the foregoing facts are true.) Later, in federal district court, Jones was convicted of both mail fraud and check kiting. However, I did not have an active role in those criminal prosecutions.

In short, I remain convinced that my office acted properly in proceeding against Jones. Clearly I would have been irresponsible, as Attorney General, if I had failed to act swiftly in the face of such flagrant violations of law. Over 4,000 customers were returned a total of $60,000 as a result of the intervention of this office.

In retrospect, there can be no question that the legal proceeding against Jones was not only warranted but essential.
St. Paul, Minn. WARREN SPANNAUS, Attorney General

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GREENE

(Continued from page 1169)

of the market. Neither you nor anyone else has ever succeeded, except by accident. Billions of institutional dollars are waiting on the sidelines until their managers are sure prices will go no lower. History shows the time will come when institutional fund managers fall over each other in panic to buy stocks before they get away on the up side. Buy carefully. Today you can acquire large measurable value for few dollars. Buy only for cash. Don't borrow lest you be forced by your creditor to make a decision you don't want. Keep decision making in your own hands.

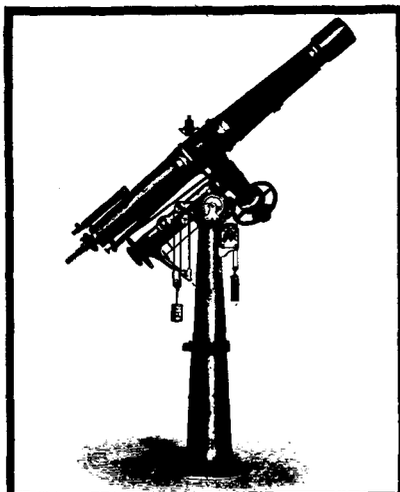
These thoughts of fifty years on Wall Street would not be complete without a brief reference to the economic system that has given this nation the highest standard of living of any nation in the history of mankind.

Economic illiteracy has brought Britain almost to its knees. It will do the same to the U.S., West Germany, France, and other European countries unless we can find ways to teach more people to understand how this affluence has been created. It comes down to profits. Profits are the incentives to produce more, to innovate, to reduce costs, to create new and better services. Profits are the key to more jobs, to more leisure time.

Fortunes made by chemical companies in the Fifties brought a rush of capital from other industries into the chemical business. What then happened? Large scale new production brought prices down dramatically. Nylon, which once sold at $2.40 per pound, has sold in recent years as low as 40¢ per pound. Who benefited? All of us consumers. Should we worry about and penalize oil profits as presidential aspirant Scoop Jackson advocates? Ridiculous! The greater the profits the more capital will flow into new discovery of oil and gas, much of it capital from other industries. More refineries will go up, more transportation systems will be constructed. Oil prices will come down, benefiting everyone. The Arabs cannot defeat the law of demand and supply in the long run. All cartels sow the seeds of their own destruction.

Politicians overwhelmingly opt for short term lower prices regardless of long term cost. The electric utility companies serve as a horrible example of this. State commissions, in an effort to please today's consumer, have brought the utility industry to such a pass that some of them can get financing to expand capacity only through governmental channels. Witness Con Edison's plight, and the sale of power plants to the New York State Power Authority in order for Con Edison to survive. Many electric utility companies are not earning enough cash income to pay bond interest and dividends or to raise additional capital from security markets. Isn't this shortsighted of the state regulation commissions? Of course it is, but politicians are trying to meet demands of their own, demands of economically illiterate consumers for uneconomic low monthly charges.

What is the alternative to an economically informed public? An economic system run and financed by government in its usual inefficient, costly manner. Reducing economic illiteracy is the greatest problem we and others in the Western world face today. The race is on. If we lose it we commit ourselves and people all over the world to dull mediocrity—and possible dictatorship. The United Kingdom is far down this road already. If we are mad enough to learn no lesson from their history, we are condemned to follow in their mistaken course. □



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ELEGANT
(Continued from page 1160)

Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69. Another cataclysm is conceivable, but not likely. However, a vicious battle will undoubtedly convulse the Party when Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai die. The Chairman is 80, the Premier 76 years old.

The United States, therefore, now has a direct interest in the preservation of order in China and the existence of a stable, moderate government in Peking. For many years, American policy sought the destruction of the Communist government and the restoration of Chiang Kai-shek's *ancien regime*. Washington is today reduced to maintaining a rational, outward-looking Communist regime in China.

The new Sino-American relationship may have come too late—too late to preserve such a regime and too late to alter the balance of international power decisively. Yet the American position elsewhere in the world depends in part upon a firm and enduring American relationship with China.

We may be overcommitted to China. It was certainly wise to come to terms with a government that, whatever its difficulties, nominally rules 800 million persons and claims control over vast untapped natural resources. It was not as wise to commit certain vital American interests to the continuing existence and consistent purpose of an unstable regime. The question that now haunts American policymakers is distressingly simple: is our commitment to the People's Republic of China too much and too late? □

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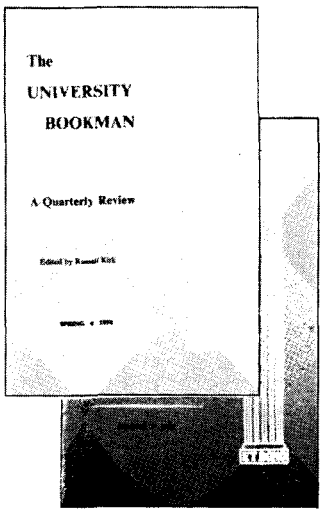

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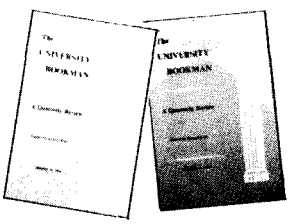

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THE DINES LETTER calmly points to recently skyrocketing commodity prices as a sure sign retail prices are going much higher as soon as these prices work their way down to the consumer level. Inflation actually appears to be accelerating toward its final phases, and then deflation with government controls coming off. Food prices in the supermarkets are rising so rapidly, for anyone to see, that The Dines Letter does not see how those on relatively fixed incomes can possibly be eating as well as they did a year ago—unless they are cutting back expenditures elsewhere. "Elsewhere" is going to have to cut back production and lay off workers, to adjust to reduced demand, and the rising ranks of unemployed will in turn consume less. Thus does inflation spread its mischief in vicious cycles. Even with oil flowing again, higher gas prices only add fuel to the inflationary fires, so to speak. New construction has already been virtually halted by an interest rate structure force to remain high because of the gold crisis. If interest rates get too low, dollars will flow overseas seeking higher rates, causing another gold flareup.

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On The Right

The CIA in Chile

New York, Sept. 20—Two questions have been raised on the CIA-in-Chile front. The first is whether State Department officials deceived congressional committees by reporting that the United States Government had taken no action to frustrate the inauguration or success of Salvador Allende as president of Chile. The second is whether the United States Government should have done so. Needless to say the second question, which is more important than the first, is receiving practically no attention. The first absorbs the front page.

FRANKLY, I do not know what is the correct prescription for State Department officials appearing before congressional committees that ask deeply sensitive questions. The routine answer is to demur, on the grounds of Executive privilege. But that privilege, as we all know, is in high disrepute these days, so that congressional interrogators tend to press on, where yesterday they'd have let things lie. How, for instance, would you, if you served as an ambassador say to Hitler Germany, and you were collusively intriguing with the resistance movement, answer such a question as: "Mr. Ambassador, is the State Department engaged in any contacts whatever with the opposition to the official government of the Third Reich"? You could say: "No"—which would be a lie. You could say: "Yes"—which would be the truth, and would blow the operation. Or you could say: "I can't discuss that." In which case the press —yes, the press, because as we have just seen with the supposedly secret testimony of CIA chief William Colby before a congressional committee, in due course we all end up reading what he said—is invited to draw inferences, namely that in fact you are in touch with the resistance.

To this dilemma there is no easy solution. On the other hand, we acknowledge that some operations, in order to succeed, have got to be carried on secretly. On the other hand, a republic ought to maintain machinery to supervise the operations of the Executive. As ever, the need is for a balance of the two considerations.

But returning now to Chile. It is alleged that the CIA was authorized by the Nixon Administration to spend up to $8 million over a three-year period to prevent if possible, and if not possible then to frustrate, the government of Salvador Allende. This is accepted prima facie as appalling.

One wonders: what in the world is the Central Intelligence Agency supposed to do?

We have been formally committed since the days of President Monroe to the doctrine that no foreign country would be permitted to colonize a country in the Southern Hemisphere. Granted, we backed away from that doctrine pari passu with our retreat from the Bay of Pigs. But the altogether official rhetoric of the United States in its dealings with Latin America has been to incline towards freedom and sovereignty. The assertion that Allende was "democratically" elected, and that therefore we had no business opposing him, begs questions procedural and substantive. For one thing, Allende's percentage of the vote was less than Senator Goldwater's in 1964. But more important, Allende was the outspoken friend of socialist tyranny, and the notion that we should deny to his opponents such help as we gave them, suggests that the United States should be totally indifferent to the growth within Latin America of a government dominated by a man whose idol was Fidel Castro.

IT MAY BE that interference of any kind in the affairs of another country should be discouraged. But is it really a purely Chilean "affair" if it is contemplated that hundreds of millions of dollars of American investments are to be confiscated? Is it purely a Chilean affair if the country becomes a base for revolutionary activities against its neighbors?

What if a country's government is being arrantly subsidized by the Soviet Union? Is it then—and only then—a responsibility of the United States to grant countervailing aid? Are we in fact prepared to retreat so completely from the inaugural ideal of John F. Kennedy ("We shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, in order to assure the survival and the success of liberty. . . .") as to estop any clandestine effort to help our friends in other countries to help themselves? □

WHY A BUSINESS TAX

New York, Sept. 30 —Dr. Pierre Rinfret of New York, an economist and business consultant, is as sure of himself and the workability of his prescriptions for inflation as Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, the interesting difference between the two being that Mr. Rinfret is correct and his recommendations bracing, while Mr. Galbraith is incorrect, and his recommendations crotchety and sclerotic.

Mr. Rinfret makes a few underlying observations. One of them is that at the current level, ours is the lowest rate of capital formation in the world. We are plowing 10 per cent of our gross national product back into our capital plant. By contrast, the Japanese are doing it with 22 per cent of theirs, and even poky old France is plowing back 17 to 20 per cent of its GNP. He points out that the United States has the lowest output per man hour of any industrial country in the world today. Many of our difficulties he traces to the sloth of hedonism and high expectations. But he also points out that "I know of no university in the United States that teaches free enterprise except perhaps the University of Chicago. Do our universities teach socialism? Oh, you better believe it . . ."

What does he suggest? A ban on credit cards. A small income surtax, a reduction over the next three years in business tax from 50 per cent to 25 per cent followed by three years of raising business taxes to 75 per cent.

I regret Dr. Rinfret's temporizing on the matter of the business tax. It should be eliminated altogether, and permanently.

If Congress were to eliminate the business tax altogether, what would happen? It is typical that no one quite knows. Some experts maintain that

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the business tax is a wholly regressive tax, that as a cost of doing business it is entirely passed along to the consumer, and that since the average consumer needs to spend a greater amount of his income than the average shareholder, the tax is regressive. Two researchers in the Census Bureau, however, disagree. They conclude, after a complicated examination of the situation, that two-thirds of the tax is, in fact, shouldered by the shareholders, who are, for the most part, in the middle and upper income brackets, and one-third by the consumers. It is—once again—instructive that no one knows what the impact actually is of a tax designed primarily to be popular, in cultivation of the superstition that that which is paid by General Motors to the government, or by the Chase Manhattan Bank, doesn't really count, and in any case is there more or less inexhaustibly.

As regards the argument over incidence, let us take the middle position between the experts and postulate that the corporation tax is now being paid one-half by shareholders, one-half by consumers. What would be the effect of eliminating such a tax?

As it stands, corporate business is paying 32 per cent of its profits in federal tax. In theory, a company that earned $1.5 million a year (after taxes) would suddenly find itself about to earn over $2 million. The value of the stock would, assuming the price-earnings ratio remained the same, rise in anticipation of the increased earnings. Let us, however, now assume, applying the 50-50 Rule, that competition forces half the bonanza to be passed along to the consumer in reduced prices. That would leave, net to the shareholder, a 15 per cent (actually 16 per cent) increase in the value of his stock. This is not the stuff of which social nightmares are made in sane societies—a reduction (varying with the cost to the supplier of the incremental unit) in the price of all products and services provided by corporations, even in the knowledge that stock averages increase by 15 per cent. (It is amusing to extend the argument ad absurdum. If the price of all products and services were reduced by 100 per cent, would anyone object to a 1,000 per cent increase in the value of the stock market?) Over a five-month period in 1973 the market decreased by over 17 per cent. In the current market, a 15 per cent increase would be, while only a negligible boost back toward a healthy market, a substantial and invigorating step in the direction of recharging our depleted capital resources. Such oscillations are socially irrelevant, and certainly no reason for denying major reforms aimed at coherence, symmetry, and an end to hallucination. □

ANOTHER SETBACK FOR THE BICENTENNIAL

New York, Sept. 22—As things stand, it would have been ever so obliging of the Founding Fathers if they had elected to declare our independence a couple of years later than they did. But unless the Supreme Court discovers that 1776 was an unconstitutional date for launching our Republic, we are saddled with 1976 as the bicentennial year, and though it is true that very few continuous governments make it through to a bicentennial celebration, surely none that has, has botched, as we have done, the approach to our own.

Years were frittered away in parochial rivalries. Should it be celebrated principally in Washington? Or Philadelphia? Or Boston? What sort of thing should be done? Who should be on the commission to decide what should be done? The quarrels went on and on and nothing much was done and then, finally, the Congress declared that an American Revolutionary Bicentennial Agency should be formed. The administrator for it is Mr. John Warner, an able and amiable man, former Secretary of the Navy. And the question was hotly debated: who should be the chairman? It was agreed that the commission must be nonpartisan. And that it was too late in the day to take the risk of dealing with second-rank people. No political hacks. Someone who had the reputation for getting things done. Someone urbane, thoughtful, and innovative. . . .

The job was tendered to Richard Clurman, a New Yorker, former head of foreign and domestic correspondents for Time, Incorporated, former New York City Commissioner of Parks and Cultural Affairs, a man who might have been described, in the yeastier age of *Time*style, as a tough-talking, no-nonsense, self-driving young cosmopolite.

There was a problem. Clurman is not registered in either party, and is certainly not a Nixonite. But Clurman is not a doctrinaire liberal, and anti-Nixonism was never his cause militant. Moreover, he recognized, as a matter of instinct, the need for factional restraint particularly as head of a bipartisan committee. So he was slated for the job, and started in a few months ago with mountains to scale.

Along comes the Ford Administration, and a telephone call from the White House. The caller was desperately sorry to have to relay the news that Clurman would be replaced. "Just a matter of politics," said the caller, who professed abundant admiration for the work Clurman had already done.

Clurman is, to risk understatement, not without friends. And these include his original sponsors within the White House, several of whom have survived the transition. They quickly organized to attempt a reversal of the decision. But Clurman aborted their plan. To be successful as chairman of the bicentennial, he said, requires that the post seek you out, not that you should seek the post out. He is correct, and the gesture is consistent with the skills and sensitivity correctly attributed to him.

It is all very disheartening. Mr. Ford has been in office only a few weeks. To convulse the Bicentennial Commission yet again would seem an unnecessary augmentation of Jerry Ford's problems. Is the Ford team so hungry for patronage that it has already reached the Bicentennial Commission? Where does it go from there? To the customhouses? And what is it the White House is trying to say? That no non-Republican will survive in a position of responsibility, even in a bipartisan committee? Or is it saying that no Nixon appointee will survive?

It is all very mysterious, and very sad indeed. As a matter of fact, it is a bloody outrage, and one hopes a) that Jerry Ford doesn't know it has been done in his name; and b) that he will in due course put together a staff that will prevent such unnecessary, and ungrateful deeds, being done in his name. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. English poet (1770-1850) — 21 31 47 120 123 128 138 151 158 170

B. Cape on Ireland's North coast (followed by *Head*) — 44 1 77 112 73 156 176 42 126

C. A profession — 87 107 181 203 95 177

D. Mentally disoriented — 108 12 81 76 105 131 134 136 188 192 91

E. City in Riverside County, Calif — 119 45 127 74 152

F. Hungarian statesman (1868-1957) (title and surname) — 125 20 28 48 53 100 183 194 199 5 14 26 71

G. Greatness or splendor of quality or character — 135 115 101 98 149 49 111

H. These people are Gentiles in Utah — 163 114 109 85 175 159

I. American classicist (1867-1963) — 7 13 22 25 37 41 92 196 33 86 96 15 19

J. Center of England's salt industry — 179 122 200 141 173 150 129 75 97

K. A scatterbrained person — 186 148 132 143 166 130

L. Gradually — 197 153 172 144 99 4 110 184

M. Remarkable — 30 46 57 63 72 102 117 124 133 142

N. To confer a favor on — 55 79 162 193 145 9 50

O. To vibrate abnormally — 16 24 29 43 64 93

P. Island in Eniwetok group — 94 54 80 137 174 10 182

Q. This won't save you from a hairbreadth escape — 103 11 113 191 201 17 52 58 67 88 121

R. Where are the snows of .....? — 190 2 78 83 90 139 168 187 18 32

S. To regard with extreme repugnance — 8 6 56 185 68

T. Eye of ——— and toe of frog — 39 160 169 23

U. One on whom the bleeding heart spends little time — 3 65 146 34 104 161

V. What 1975 will be for most politicians — 59 116 155 35 27 189 165

W. American educator (1853-1937) — 61 82 36 51 66 180

X. One who is adept in some special field — 69 198 140 167 171 118 40 38

Y. English officer (1868-1953) in Boer War and World War I — 89 178 60 202 147 195 106

Z. Progressive development — 154 157 164 84 70 62

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1186 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 B	2 R	3 U	4 L	5 F	■	6 S	7 I	■	8 S	9 N	10 P	11 Q	12 D	13 I	■	14 F
15 I	■	16 O	17 Q	18 R	19 I	20 F	■	21 A	22 I	23 T	24 O	■	25 I	26 F	27 V	■	28 F
29 O	30 M	31 A	32 R	33 I	34 U	35 V	■	36 W	37 I	38 X	39 T	■	40 X	41 I	42 B	■	43 O
44 B	45 E	46 M	47 A	48 F	49 G	50 N	■	51 W	52 Q	■	53 F	54 P	55 N	56 S	57 M	■	58 Q
59 V	60 Y	■	61 W	62 Z	63 M	■	64 O	65 U	66 W	67 Q	68 S	69 X	70 Z	71 F	■	72 M	73 B
74 E	75 J	76 D	■	77 B	78 R	■	79 N	80 P	81 D	82 W	83 R	■	84 Z	85 H	86 I	87 C	■
88 Q	89 Y	90 R	■	91 D	92 I	93 O	■	94 P	95 C	■	96 I	97 J	98 G	■	99 L	100F	101G
102M	103Q	104U	105D	106Y	■	107C	108D	109H	110L	111G	112B	■	113Q	114H	■	115G	116V
117M	118X	119E	120A	■	121Q	122J	■	123A	124M	125F	126B	127E	■	128A	129J	130K	131D
■	132K	133M	134D	■	135G	136D	137P	138A	139R	140X	141J	142M	■	143K	144L	145N	146U
147Y	■	148K	149G	■	150J	151A	152E	153L	154Z	■	155V	156B	157Z	■	158A	159H	160T
■	161U	162N	163H	164Z	165V	166K	167X	168R	■	169T	170A	171X	172L	173J	■	174P	175H
■	176B	177C	178Y	179J	180W	■	181C	182P	183F	184L	■	185S	186K	187R	■	188D	189V
190R	■	191Q	192D	■	193N	194F	195Y	■	196I	197L	198X	199F	200J	201Q	202Y	203C	■

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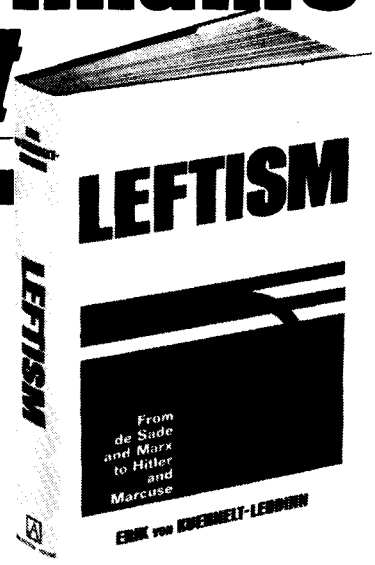
MIND-OPENING.
Belongs next to Burnham's
Suicide of the West



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